THE BYSTANDER
Vol. XCVII.—No. 1255

JANUARY 4, 1928

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The BYSTANDER

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The Bystander, January 4, 1928 No. 1255 Vol. XCVII

The BYSTANDER

Specially painted for "The Bystander" by Coller

FAMOUS RUGBY PLAYERS—No. 11—WINDSOR LEWIS

Some people are born with "football sense," and this is what must have happened to Windsor Lewis, for he was distinguishing himself in the Rugger world at a very early age. He is a Welsh International, and this year has been the genius of the particularly brilliant Cambridge outsides

BY PETER

"THE NEW (Y)EAR"

Keystone

THE DICTATOR *EN VACANCE*

Signor Mussolini spent Christmas at the Villa Borghese, his beautiful home outside Rome. In the photograph he is seen setting out for a ride round the grounds with his daughter Edda

WHO, WHEN AND WHERE

BY THE BYSTANDER IN SOCIETY

Christmas Parties

DESPITE the exodus to the Riviera, to Switzerland—and in these days we must add Madeira and South America—there is scarcely one of the great "country" houses—the territorial houses—which has not had its family Christmas party. That is as it should be, the old English tradition. The example is set by the King and Queen at Sandringham.

At Longleat the Marquess and Marchioness of Bath had two recent brides and bridegrooms in their party of eighteen, their only son, Viscount Weymouth, and his wife, and their youngest daughter, Lady Nunburnholme, and her husband. Their two elder daughters, Lady Kathleen Stanley and the Marchioness of Northampton, with their husbands, were also of the party, as well as Lord Bath's sister, Lady Alice Shaw-Stewart. At Chatsworth, too, there was a family party, all the children of the Duke and Duchess of Devonshire, with their wives and husbands, being gathered in the "Palace of the Peak," the only house, I believe, in England which still possesses window frames gilded on the outside.

The Duke and Duchess of Marlborough kept their Christmas at Blenheim, as did the Duke and Duchess of Roxburgh at Floors Castle, near Kelso; the Duke and Duchess of Grafton at Euston Hall, near Thetford; and the Duke and Duchess of Portland at Welbeck Abbey. Further south Viscount and Viscountess Wimborne were at Ashby St. Ledgers, the place near Rugby from which Lord Wimborne took his title when he was created a baron in his father's lifetime. Viscount and Viscountess Grey of Fallodon had a party of young people at Wilsford Manor, chiefly friends of Mr. Stephen Tennant, Lady Grey's youngest son by the late Lord Glenconner, her first husband. Wilsford is not very far from Salisbury, right on the edge of the plain, and is not far also from Clouds, Lady Grey's home as a girl, and the house to which her brother, the late George Wyndham, was so devoted.

Other Christmas parties were at Wentworth Woodhouse,

I. B.

A GOLDEN JUBILEE

The Viceroy of India and Lady Irwin photographed with the Maharajah of Kapurthala. The occasion was the celebrations of the Maharajah's Golden Jubilee

Earl Fitzwilliam's great house in Yorkshire; at Madresfield Court, Earl Beauchamp's place near Malvern Link; and at The Roman Camp, Viscount Esher's place near Callander.

There's Always a Way

THOSE people who clamour, year in and year out, for a "good old-fashioned Christmas," have had their snowiest and iciest desires gratified. Personally, this being a time when, if you have been really well brought up, you wish people all that they wish for themselves, I hope the lovers of a "good old-fashioned Christmas," thoroughly enjoyed themselves!

Photopress

A LITERARY PRIZE WINNER

Miss Radclyffe Hall, whose writings have a large following, has been notified that she is the winner of the James Pait Black Memorial literary prize for the best work of fiction in 1926. Her interests range from dog-breeding to collecting antique oak

A CHRISTMAS HOUSE PARTY *L.N.A.*

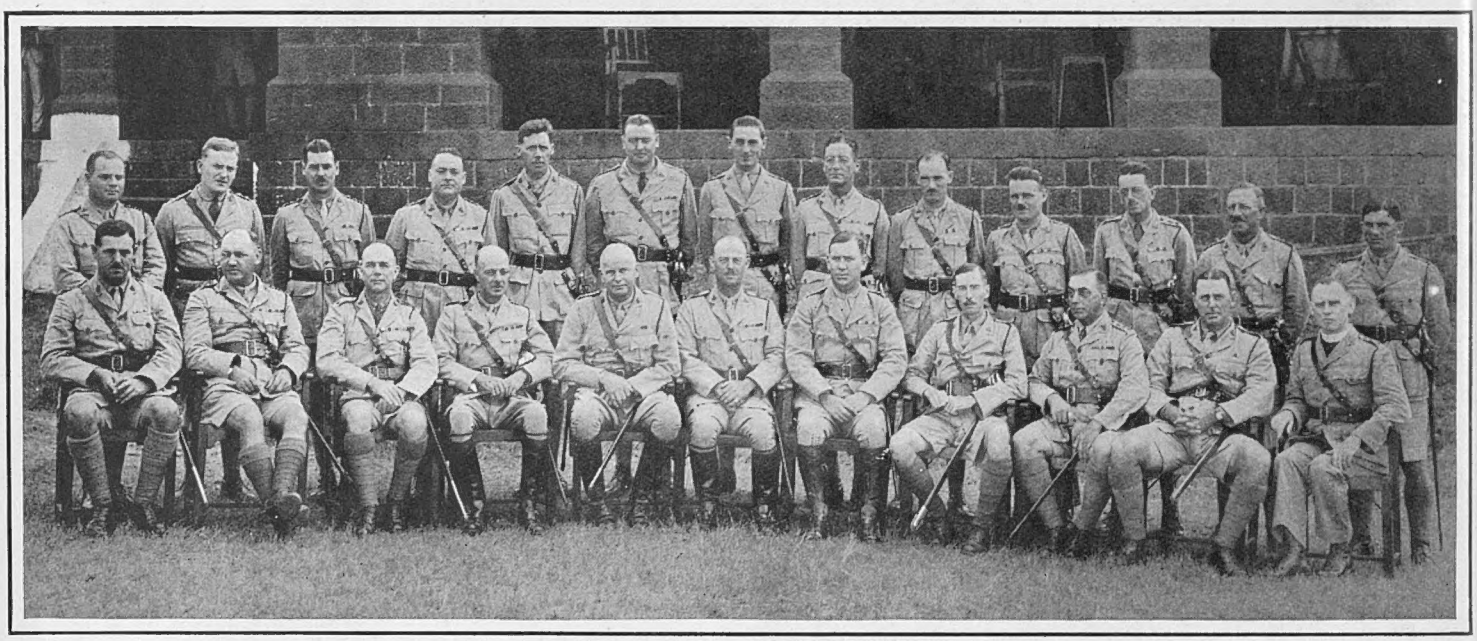
Some of the members of the house party which gathered at Gopsall Hall, Leicestershire, at Christmas. The party included Lord and Lady Birkenhead, with Lord Furneaux, Lady Eleanor Smith and Lady Pamela Smith, Lord and Lady Victor Paget, Commander and Mrs. McGrath, Commander Oliver Locker-Lampson, Mr. and Mrs. A. Campbell, and Major Cartwright

Two Bank Holidays following Christmas Day turned the usual two day and three night Christmas party in country houses into three days and four nights. This would have only added another day and another evening's fun to most parties. But when you had promised shooting on both Bank Holidays, or hunting on one of them, and there was nothing but snow, and snow for miles round you in drifts so deep that they swallowed Rolls-Royces just as Jonah is supposed to have been swallowed by the whale, what could you do? Some houses were absolutely snowbound. Neither horse, nor hound, nor gun could venture forth.

This is very trying for a host and hostess, particularly when their guests don't belong to the "I'm-sitting-still-and-thankful-for-it Brigade." That type of guest is unusual to-day, even amongst those to whom Time and Nature have been overgenerous in the matter of bow windows.

What is a hostess to do with a snowbound party, especially when there is no post and no newspapers to fill in the morning? To play Bridge before luncheon is to break one of the unwritten laws of the British Constitution, almost on all fours with playing roulette on Sunday evening at the Vicarage.

One hostess solved the difficulty with originality. You know those long things, like biers, on which the gardeners carry plants from greenhouse to greenhouse, or into the garden for bedding out. The top is of narrow planks with an opening between each plank; they have four legs, and two handles at either end by which the gardeners carry them. There is a big range



OFFICERS OF AN INDIAN REGIMENT

A photograph taken at Deolali of the officers of the 1st Battalion the G. I. P. Railway Regiment, which has its headquarters at Parel, Bombay. Included in the front row are Major C. F. Tofts, V.D., Major O. G. Edwards, V.D., Major R. F. R. Cooke, V.D., Lieut.-Colonel W. H. Scott, V.D., Captain D. E. Baker, the Gloucestershire Regiment, and Major A. P. Goldney, V.D.

AFTER THE CEREMONY *Vandyk*

The bridal group taken after the wedding, at St. Saviour's, Chelsea, of Mr. Bruce Anderson, only son of the late Mr. John Anderson, of Ceylon, and Mrs. Anderson, of Limpsfield, and Miss Gwen Davies. The bride is the only daughter of the Rev. and Mrs. Landy Davies, of Colchester

of glass at this particular house, so they have a good many of these bierlike things—"trays" I believe they call them. Likewise, in front of the house there is a long steep slope leading to a gentler slope reaching almost to the park gates.

Faced by under-exercised guests the hostess had a brain-wave. She had all the "trays" turned over, with their four legs sticking up in the air. A rick cover was cut up, and each "tray" had a piece of the cover neatly nailed down between the four legs; ropes were tied to the two handles at one end. It was a very clever creation of toboggans.

Each "tray" took five people, the fifth sitting in front and steering by the ropes on the handles. The other four tucked in their own legs as best they could, and held on to the upturned legs of the "tray." They had a most hilarious Christmas, having races on the "trays" down the two slopes, then starting all over again. In fact, they got so excited over this substitution for the foxes and dicky-birds they had been promised that they went on sliding and sliding over those slopes by the light of acetylene motor lamps commandeered from the garage.

So you see what can be done to prevent your guests flattening their noses against the window-panes when we have a "good old-fashioned Christmas."

Panes and the Sash

SPEAKING of panes and Christmas, have you heard this? A small boy, after a Christmas party, looking at the nursery window, says,

"Two little panes the window has,
But only one have I;
And the window's pane is in its sash!
I wonder why?"

Hay Wrightson

THE HON. RUBY HARDINGE

A recent portrait of the elder of the two daughters of Viscountess Hardinge and the late Viscount Hardinge, whose engagement to Major F. Beaumont-Nesbitt, M.C., Grenadier Guards, has been announced. Major Beaumont-Nesbitt is at present at the War Office

TO MARRY *Bassano*

Estelle Lady Berney, who will shortly be married to Captain E. E. Dorman-Smith, M.C., 5th Fusiliers, eldest son of Major Dorman-Smith, D.L., and Mrs. Dorman-Smith, of Bellamont Forest, Co. Cavan. Lady Berney is the younger daughter of the late Mr. R. Norton Dawson and Mrs. Dawson, of Pakefield

Bassano

RECENTLY ENGAGED

Miss Josephine Strangman, the younger daughter of Sir Thomas and Lady Strangman, who has recently become engaged. Her fiancé is Mr. Kenelm Lee Guinness, the younger son of the late Captain Benjamin Guinness and Lady Henrietta Guinness

Bertram Park

MISS ELIZABETH CATOR

A new portrait of the fiancée of the Hon. Michael Bowes-Lyon, the brother of the Duchess of York. Miss Cator was one of the bridesmaids at the wedding of the Duke and Duchess

Charity and Taxation

ONE of those clever people who know all about figures has been delving into the wills of the last thirty years. In his delving he has lighted on a fact which I foresee being used by Socialists, Communists, and all those who are anti-capitalist-minded as a further proof of the "selfishness of the rich."

Thirty years ago, the delver tells us, some eight per cent. of the total sum admitted to probate was left to charity in one form or another. Last year it was only two per cent. About twenty-three and a half millions of money were admitted to probate in 1897. Thirty-seven and three-quarter millions were admitted in 1927, yet the smaller amount gave nearly three-quarters of a million more for charities than the larger.

But first consider—a fact which your Socialist and Communist never will consider—the difference between the taxation that people have to meet nowadays and

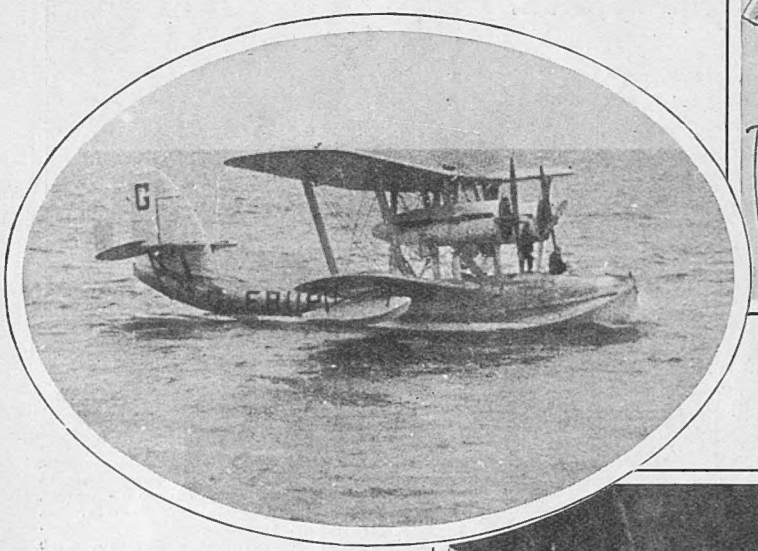
THE WARATAHS "LIFT THE CUP" *Central News*

Members of the New South Wales Rugby Team who are to meet England at Twickenham on Saturday of this week, taking tea with the Lord Mayor at the Mansion House. W. W. Wakefield, the famous English international who has been "capped" thirty-one times, is seen handing the Lord Mayor the bread and butter with a renownedly safe hand!

what had to be met thirty years ago. Because of the heavy taxation, both national and local, there are very few people of wealth who can follow their father's example and save out of income for the death duties their successors will have to pay. Consequently, any money they may leave to charity may mean stripping their heirs of the wherewithal, or part of the wherewithal, to pay the death duties. Your Bystander knows of one case in which the large sums left to charities gained a dead man large headlines in the newspapers as a generous philanthropist. But actually, these bequests forced his son to sell the ancestral home. When he had paid the death duties there was not enough income left on which to keep it up.

Only recently I heard of a well-to-do man who had gone through his will and cut out all his bequests to charities. His reason was that, in addition to annual subscriptions to local charities in his county neighbourhood, annual subscriptions to London hospitals, and London charities, he found that his wife was spending anything up to £500 a year in buying tickets for charity dances to which she has the amiable habit of taking parties of young people, in bazaar tickets, seats for charity matinées, concerts, and the many etceteras under which charity makes its appeal.

He argued that between the two of them, in the thirty years since their marriage, they had given a sum to charities and in charitable subscriptions which, if capitalised, would have produced the major part of the money their children would be called upon to pay in death-duties. "In these days," he said, "charity can't have it both ways—living as well as dead." So this probably accounts for the two per cent. left to charity of the thirty-seven and three-quarter millions upon which probate was paid last year.



BEFORE THE STORM

The flying boat Singapore photographed after landing close to H.M.S. Queen Elizabeth in St. Paulo Bay during the early stage of her flight to Africa. She was later severely damaged by heavy seas at Calafrana

By Mac

MEN OF "CHOICE"

The English Rugby Union Selection Committee. The group shows: Lieut.-Comdr. W. J. A. Davies, R.N. (left), Comdr. E. W. Roberts, R.N., Mr. J. Baxter and Mr. G. C. Robinson

AN "ALL-WEATHER" MODEL *Q. P.*

With three speeds forward and reverse, complete with side screen and self-starter, four-wheel brakes and cigar-lighter. It is seen on the road at Biggin Hill, in Kent, after trying conclusions with a snow drift

The late Camille Blanc

It was to that world-famous character, M. Camille Blanc, who has died recently on the Riviera—at Nice to be precise—that the shareholders in the administration of Monte Carlo owed an extension of the concession from the Prince of Monaco until 1947. Monte Carlo was founded by his father, M. François Blanc, a Paris waiter, who from a capital of twenty francs built up a fortune of something like eight million pounds. One of the waiter's daughters married Prince Roland Bonaparte, and her daughter married Prince George of Greece.

Alone of all his family, Camille Blanc stuck to the Casino at Monte Carlo, and finally became the head of its administration. He was responsible for countless improvements, but his chief triumph was getting the renewal of the concession for a further thirty-four years. The War brought his prosperity to an end, and with the coming of the peace, when the company was reconstructed, Camille Blanc retired. He was then over seventy.

His Father's Son

Inheriting his father's capacity for work, he personally directed the whole of that big establishment, and his power was so absolute that he used to be called the "Uncrowned King of Monaco." It used

to be said, too, that his knowledge of "secrets" in the lives of the most highly placed would have provided plots for dozens of novels. His were the palmy days when Russian grand dukes, Austrian archdukes, German reigning princes, and Hungarian magnates flocked to the principality. He knew them all, and he likewise knew a great deal more about them than they would have wished other people to know. But he was a miracle of discretion. This was one of the secrets of the success of his many years' rule at Monte Carlo.

The Close of a Chapter

WHEN the Empress Eugénie died she left her house and estate at Farnborough to Prince Victor Napoleon, the Napoleonic pretender to the French throne. Although he disliked the place cordially, and never went there except on duty visits to the Empress, the legacy was hedged round with so many restrictions that he could not dispose of it. Since his death, however, his widow, the Princess Clementine of Belgium, has sought the relief of the law, and the restrictions have been removed. I understand that the death duties couldn't be paid unless the property was sold. It has been bought by some nuns, and now the house which sheltered a woman who had one of the most dazzling and one of the saddest careers in the nineteenth century will be a convent. So closes a chapter of Napoleonic history.

Besides Farnborough Hill, which was originally built by a member of the publishing firm of Longman, and its park, which were a gift to the Empress Eugénie from devoted French adherents to the Napoleonic dynasty, she owned a considerable amount of property in the immediate neighbourhood. All this has been disposed of, and a considerable portion of the land is to be developed for building. And, unfortunately, part of the land to be so developed is a stretch of beautiful woodland along the road to Frimley, which the Empress always called *Petit Compiègne*. Thus the whole character of the neighbourhood will be altered, and practically all that will remain of the Napoleonic tradition, which has surrounded Farnborough Hill for so many years, will be the tombs of Napoleon III and of the Prince Imperial in the church of the Benedictine Priory.

Sport and General

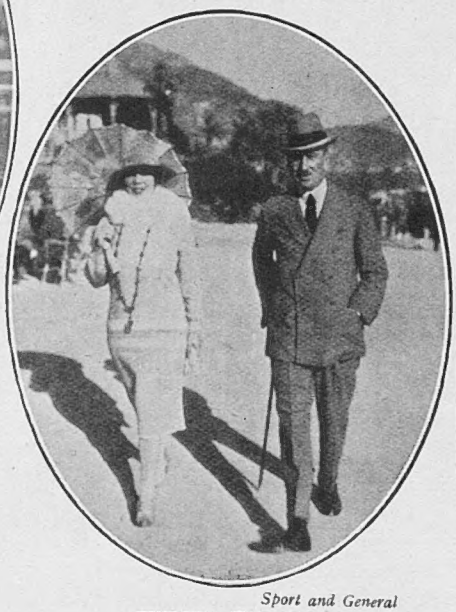
L'HEURE DE L'APERITIF

Mr. de Montigny, Miss Langton, Mrs. Woodhall and the Hon. Mrs. Tyrwhitt photographed in a bright moment on the Riviera. They are seen at the Café de Paris, Monte Carlo

C. N. Daly

A "SWEEPING" SUCCESS

Karel Kozeluh, the professional lawn tennis champion, and Mrs. Phyllis Satterthwaite sweeping the snow off the courts at Beaulieu. The cold snap could not mar the players' enthusiasm



Sport and General

FINDING THE SUN

Major and Mrs. Godfrey Towler photographed in the pleasant sunshine of the South. They are seen on the terrace at Monte Carlo

C. N. Daly

DR. HAROLD DEARDEN

Part author of "Interference," at Monte Carlo. He has been staying at the Hotel de Paris as the guest of Mr. Howard Gould

Marc le Noir

CALLED TO THE "BAR"

Visitors enjoying a little mild "tonic" in the new American Bar at the Municipal Casino at Cannes. It is one of the finest and most up-to-date bars on the Riviera

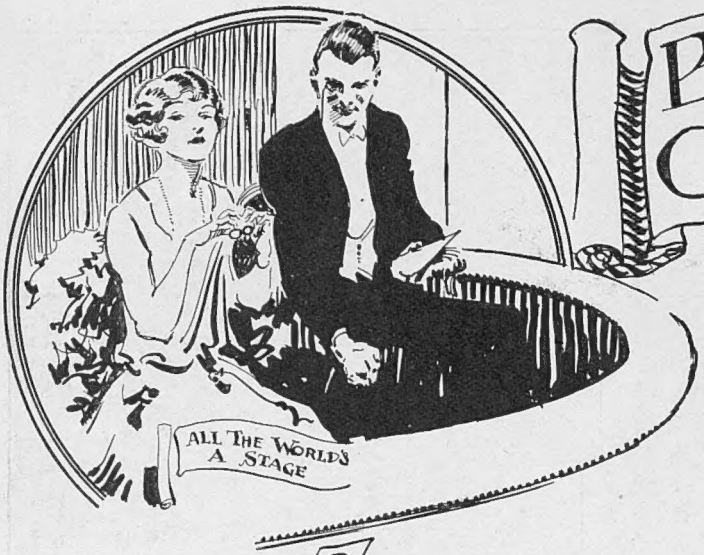
Death and the Peerage

THE Treasury must have netted a goodly sum last year from the peerage in death duties, no fewer than thirty-seven estates belonging to peers coming under probate. Amongst these were the estates of the late Duke of Leeds, the late Marquess of Abergavenny, and the late Viscount Cowdray, the last the biggest of all the fortunes left by a peer during the year. Besides Lord Cowdray's, the estates of two other viscounts came under the duties.

Riviera Notes

Owing to the delays in the Continental mails occasioned by the recent gales in the Channel, our Riviera Notes have failed to reach us in time for publication in this number.

BYSTANDER COMMENTS



A Little Chat on Charity

CHRISTMAS is nearly forgotten; those faint charitable impulses have been carefully tucked away for another twelve months, and we return, unhampered by sentiment, to the scramble for existence. Charity begins at Christmas and ends with the New Year—a short life but a gay one. The recollection of presents given and presents received still gently warms the cockles of our hearts. We are rather fine fellows. Splendid!

A Chronic Disease

STRANGE as it may seem, there are a few with whom the pleasure of giving is a chronic disease. They conceal their weakness with furtive evasions—as others do an attack of some unfashionable complaint. They expect no credit—ask for none—and get very little. Of such as these was Courtice Pounds, the old Savoyard, who died a few days before Christmas. He was always giving, and no one—not even his best friends—could stop him. Goodness knows, they tried, but the dear fellow just couldn't help himself.

What an Epitaph

AND so, when he had to stop work through illness, it was found that he had given everything away, and hadn't enough money left to pay for a taxi to take him to a free hospital. So craftily had Charlie Pounds covered up the tracks of his wholesale generosity that even his closest friends were staggered by his financial collapse. Everyone had supposed that he was a "warm" man, for he had worked hard all his life, and had spent very little money on himself. A few friends hurriedly got together; a tribute fund was started; a wonderful *matinée* was held; and within a week—a week before he died—three thousand pounds was raised—a great tribute to a great-hearted man, whose only fault was that he too greatly loved his fellow men. What an epitaph.

For Remembrance

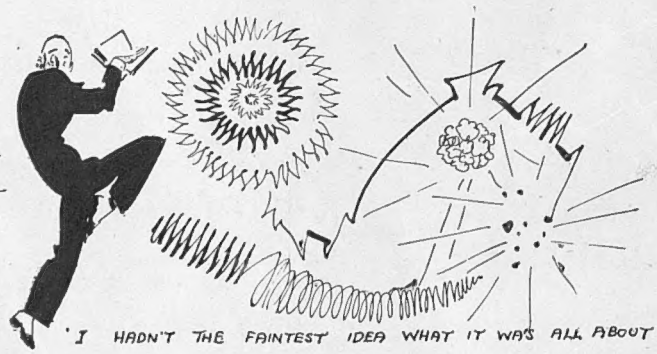
HAVE we forgotten?
While life holds a dream,
We'll hear the golden stream
Of happy music flow.
And so,
While his dear face
Within our memories still holds a place,
We pay the debt we owe.
Have we forgotten? No!

A Word for Youth

HATS off to "Plum" Warner for his outspoken defence of the committee who selected the team for the final Test match at the Oval in 1926. Not only has Mr. Warner spoken up on behalf of the Selection Committee, but he has also put in a word for Youth. It was a bold move to put A. P. F. Chapman in charge of the team, but a bold move is not necessarily a gamble. The older men had not exactly covered themselves with glory, and the selectors wisely decided that Youth should have its chance. They deserved the support of every sportsman, and one can forgive a slight soreness on their part when they failed to receive it in certain quarters.

The Real Issue

THE fact that the match ended as it did does not affect the real issue in the slightest. Suppose Chapman had gone



down, fighting gloriously, would the committee have been to blame? On the other hand, Chapman himself would be the last to suggest that his captaincy was the particular "Open Sesame" that led him into the Hall of Fame. One man cannot make or break a Test team, but he *can* justify his selection, and if Mr. Warner's critic cares to insist that Chapman's selection was a gamble, then, at the worst, it was a gamble that came off, and there is an end to the matter.

A Bit Beyond Me?

ONE of the nicest compliments in the world is the assumption on the part of others that you are a bit more brainy than is actually the case. And so, when I received a copy of Percy Hall's highly technical work, "Ultra-Violet Rays in the Treatment and Cure of Disease," I did not feel depressed because I hadn't the faintest idea what it was all about. On the contrary, I was very braced to think that the author had supposed I should be able to understand his references to spectograms, actinotherapy, and things like that—until I remembered that I had met Mr. Hall during the war and that he saved my life—in a manner of speaking.

A Timely Volume

THIS suggests that Mr. Hall may be prompted by interest in my physical well-being rather than by belief in my mental capacity. Certainly, his book is timely, for we have been hearing a lot about these same ultra-violet rays and everyone is agreed that lack of expert knowledge on the part of the practitioner has been responsible for a lot of trouble. With my hand on my heart, I can say that anyone who seriously studies this volume—providing, of course, that he has the brain to digest it—will be in a position to obtain the very best results from this new branch of the healing art.

Flies in Every Ointment

THOSE of us who have had to stay at home this holiday season have no cause for complaint. We have had our Winter Sports, minus the Channel crossing, while pictures of snow scenes on the Continent have given us quite a warm and cosy feeling. The fact being that there are all sorts of flies in every sort of ointment, and those enthusiasts who make the annual trip to Switzerland or the South are apt sometimes to exaggerate the joys that await them at their journey's end.

Christmas Cheers

ONE need not be young to enjoy what is still known as a seasonable Christmas. Myself, I was snowed up in a train on a branch line and thoroughly enjoyed the experience. The engine-driver shunted us back into a station, and then advanced, amid cheers, to tackle the obstacle single-handed. His gallant effort was crowned with glory and, returning for us, he hitched up the waiting carriage and arrived in triumph at his journey's end.

Enterprise and Enthusiasm

MY next experience was less successful, but equally amusing. Having decided to make a call in the neighbourhood, we started the little two-seater, and sallied forth full of hope. All went well until a turn in the road displayed a large drift which a dozen cars were endeavouring to negotiate without any particular success. There was plenty of enterprise and enthusiasm displayed, and we were all old friends well inside five minutes.

By David Wilson

"LEAP YEAR!"

Miss "1928"—in training for the "Poll" Jump!

Great Responsibilities

I CANNOT understand the mentality of those passengers who quarrelled with the Southern Railway because, at the last moment, it was decided not to risk running the cross-Channel boats during last week's blizzard. The Company faced their great responsibilities with extraordinary common sense, and I can only suppose that these captious critics, having signed the newspaper coupons, were anxious for their dependants to draw the insurance money.

Jocund Spring

IT seems to be generally agreed that after all this hard weather we are certain to enjoy a really jocund spring. During recent years winter, lingering, has cooled the lap of spring to a quite uncomfortable extent, and if we may really expect a little warm weather by June, we have a great deal upon which to congratulate ourselves. Most of the bugs, slugs and grubs that live near the surface have been killed, and a satisfactory summer seems assured.

"You See" Said He—

DURING my country rambles I met a knowledgeable gent. who surprised me by saying that the prospects of Agriculture had never been more hopeful. "You see," said he, "things have never been quite bad enough to justify the taking of official action, but now that the industry has reached its lowest ebb something is certain to be done."

RACING NOTIONS

By "CARBINE"

Sketches by "THE TOUT"

Snowed Out

RACING is in the doldrums at the moment of writing. With the exception of a one-day meeting at Sedgefield, where some of the competitors were horses of whom I had never heard, the fixture list was a blank both before and after Christmas. Fortunately we have the entries for several of the important spring handicaps to form a subject for discussion. I was disappointed with the nominations for the Lincolnshire Handicap. Not only are they appreciably fewer than usual, but the quality of the entry leaves a good deal to be desired. It is difficult to decide why this falling off should have occurred, especially as several other of the spring handicaps, notably the Queen's Prize at Kempton Park, have fared quite satisfactorily in the matter of entries.

First of the Big Handicaps

IT has to be borne in mind that the Lincoln has always been a race to which fictitious importance is attached. It receives a vast amount of publicity mainly because it happens to be the first of the big handicaps of the season. If it were run, say, in June or July, it would appear to be a small affair compared with other races which engage attention in the summer. Still, though there may be a certain amount of falsity about its popularity, we cannot get away from the fact that it has provided us with some most entertaining struggles in the past. Last season, for example, one could not wish to have seen a brighter finish than that which ensued between Priory Park and Orbindos. The race was an expensive affair for those of us who had made up our minds that Asterus was a good thing. I know how confident Bob Denman was of success, for I had the privilege of seeing Asterus in his company at Maisons-Laffitte just before the colt was sent to England.

French Cracks

SUBSEQUENT performances showed that M. Boussac's crack did not for some reason produce his true form on the Carholme. Considering that French owners have prevailed in this race in recent seasons with Sir Gallahad and Tapin, it is a little surprising not to find a bigger sprinkling of entries from across the Channel this time. It had come to be regarded almost as a tradition that the winner of the French Two Thousand should be entered for the Lincolnshire Handicap in the following season, but Fiterari, who scored at Longchamp last spring, has now been retired to the stud. The brothers Joel have pleasant memories of former Lincolnshire Handicaps. Solly has won the race with Long Set and Soranus, while his brother was successful with Priory Park last season. Both have given the race good support this time.

Mr. Jack Joel's Two

PRIORY PARK is again found among the entries, and though he is sure to be at the top of the handicap, the aptitude he has shown for the Carholme mile makes us regard his candidature with respect. Don't, however, be in any hurry to back him, for the Foxhill stable is also represented by Philammon, who strikes me as being also the right sort of horse for this particular course. The chief doubt about him is whether Charles Peck will be able to get him ready so early in the year. Philammon possesses all the necessary speed, and there is no reason why he should not stay the mile. We must be prepared, therefore, to see him preferred to Priory Park if the younger horse is reasonably treated by the handicapper.

Fohanaun's Chance

MR. SOLLY JOEL has made four entries, and people have already jumped to the conclusion that Fohanaun will be the pick of them. As an old hand, I am always wary of endeavouring to anticipate stable intentions. It certainly does seem, however, that Fohanaun should do better over this particular course than his stable companions, Dark Warrior, Trelawny, and Beauharnais, the first of whom may find the journey a bit too far for him. I am not unmindful of the fact that Dark Warrior has already scored at Lincoln, which brings him within the scope of the "horses for courses" theory, but his success was gained over a seven-furlong track. Early last year there were indications that Fohanaun would become one of the Lincoln favourites. I am aware that the Irish stable in which he was trained at that time considered him to be nicely weighted, but some sort of mishap prevented his appearance on the Carholme. It was a little later that Mr. Joel gave a stiff price for him, and subsequent events proved that he had made a bargain.

Question of Weights

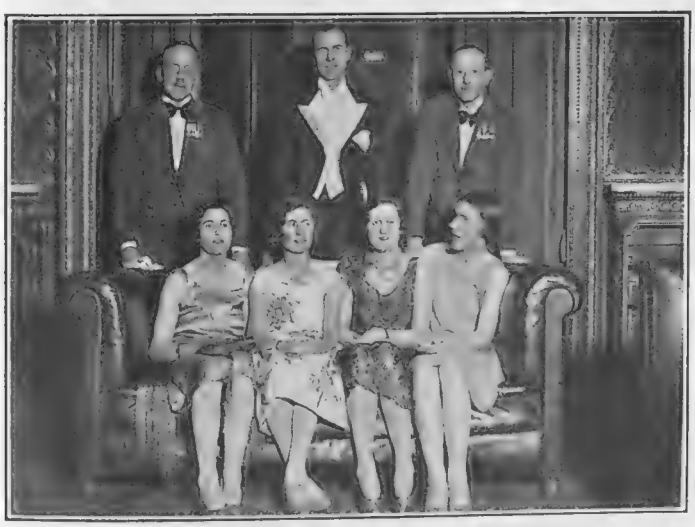
IF he goes on the running in the Stewards' Cup the Lincoln handicapper will have to make Priory Park give at least 7lb. to Fohanaun, but having regard to the difference between the distances of the two races Mr. Penrhyn Hornby will probably place them closer together. On the Cambridgeshire form Fohanaun will have to concede a little weight to Orbindos, who only just missed bringing off a big win for his stable in this race last year, and made ample atonement in the later events for which he was backed. There is a big prejudice against fillies in the Lincolnshire Handicap, and for that reason I do not expect to see Fancy Free a strong order in the ante-post betting. At the same time Lord Wimborne's filly seems to me to possess good qualifications for a race of this character. And as Jack Jarvis is fond of getting some of his horses fit for the early stages of the flat-racing campaign, I shall not be surprised to find her in good trim on the Carholme.

"Dancing Time" with the Royal Air Force

Back row: Mr. T. M. Davis, Mr. Nigel Campbell, S/L. Hanmer, Mr. T. Weatherby, Commander Hotham, and Capt. Blakiston Houston. Front row: Miss Blakiston Houston, Mrs. Lambe, Miss Weatherby, Miss J. Tyrwhitt Drake

Back row: Capt. Worsley Gibson, Capt. Stewart Liberty, and Col. G. R. Crouch. Front row: Mrs. Worsley Gibson, Mrs. Crouch, and Mrs. Stewart Liberty

A MERRY GROUP OF R.A.F. MEDICAL OFFICERS WITH THEIR PARTNERS



Photograph

Standing: F/L. Symington (left) Mr. W. Steele, and F/L. Jean. Seated: Mrs. Symington (left), Mrs. Jean, Miss James, and Miss Gates

Topical

Standing: S/L. E. D. H. Davies (left), Mr. W. D. Davies, F/L. A. C. Stevens, and Mr. G. C. Wadham. Seated: Mrs. A. C. Stevens, Mrs. E. D. H. Davies, Miss Coston, and Miss Taylor

The Royal Air Force Ball, held recently at Halton Camp, Wendover, proved a real success. It was very well attended, and, to use a time-honoured *cliché*, "a very pleasant time was spent by all." Some of those who enjoyed it are seen busily "looking pleasant, please" in the above photographs

THE GOOD NEW TIMES

By Blanchette *Illustrations by HELEN McKIE*

"In the good old times"

LONDON, *January 2.*

DEAR COUSIN,

HAVE been reading, also hearing, quite a lot just lately about the Good Old Times, we have, methinks. *Apropos* of recent revelries and festivities, partly, of course, with Yule logs of ancient days recalled to mind, also boars' heads and so on. And the so-called Seasonable Weather that people rubbed their hands over so heartily and blandly bleated, if sufficiently antique, about dear old Dickens and all that sort of thing. You know, Dingley Dell and that tiresome old country-house party they had where it snowed and froze and church bells rang and everyone apparently got terribly tanked, biffed or blotto by about tea-time, including the good Mr. Pickwick, or words to that effect. And woke up again and had hot muffins and tea around 9 p.m. and sang carols or told each other silly ghost stories—at least p'raps that wasn't the same party, but, anyway, just the *sort* of idea of dazzling delights they had in those days, what?

AND then there's even more ancient and glorious and romantic times we've been reminded of, too, in that book of the moment, "The Ugly Duchess," by Mr. Lion Feuchtwanger, that so many people mixed up with the musician man Furtwangler—oh, why *will* they have such odd and confusing names? The same Mr. Feucht, etc., it is, you know, who wrote that astonishing affair "Jew Süss"—which I'm sure even quite a few years ago no decently brought up young gel, as the Dowagers used to put it, would have been allowed ever to have heard of the existence of. My dear, simply the most *terrible* things happen in it—but, of course, you read every word of it at least a year ago. And now they're even going to film it. I wonder if they'll do that scene where . . . but never mind, and, anyway, that's by the way. But this "Duchess"—not so intriguing or *épatant* some ways certainly, but what a truly charming picture, all the same, of those above-mentioned Good Old Times!

A PICTURE of gorgeous tournaments and jousting and glittering kings and nobles all in shining armour and rich trappings, who breakfasted on baked trout spiced with ginger and capons stewed in milk of almonds—doesn't it sound quite too delightfully picturesque? And if a peasant was found poaching they just hunted him to death same as if he were a fox; or if any of their own set annoyed 'em they shoved him in a dungeon (which can't have been so much worse than their drawing-rooms, though) and did things with thumbscrews and red-hot pincers, or else just threw them over precipices or poisoned 'em if they hadn't got time for the finer details.

"They shoved him in a dungeon"

AND even only a century ago—or, for that matter, half a century ago . . . What about the Good Old 'Seven-

"Insidious cocktails"

ties, or even 'Eighties, if you come to think of it, and if all we've heard's true? When poor old London that we abuse so much to-day was so thick with mud whenever it rained that they had to have people called crossing sweepers, who cleared a sort of passage for you from kerb to kerb, and blackmailed you for tips for doing it, too.

OH, *mon Dieu, quelles horreurs!* No, it's me for the Good New Times every time, and no error, spite of what some of the (highly respected) dowagers may say. As, for example, Lady Violet Greville, who's been telling us tearfully how

> "America has conquered England with her insidious cocktails and sapped the sweetness of the English girl, to whom one glass of champagne at a ball had seemed a luxury."

Well, all I can say is if she only got one glass of champagne at a whole long ball of six or seven hours or so (and, mind you, they kept it up even later then) she was dashed badly treated, that's all, and a door-mat to put up with it, what's more. Also, women are "no longer timid or reticent" (how truly sa-ad), and "the girl of the present

day thinks too much of pleasure." Likewise thinks quite a lot about work, and does it, too, doesn't she? Not talking or embroidery, I mean, but business or writing, or even M.P.-ing—so just possibly p'raps got almost even a *right* to mop up all the pleasure that's going between whiles, what? But once more, never mind . . .

卐

Bless their dear old hearts, it must be in truth a shocking life to-day for some of these *laudatores temporis acti,* as the Romans put it. Though at least one of their old and immemorial habits does seem to be still surviving, or, anyway, catching on again quite notably and notoriously—the waltz, to wit, which is being done, meseems, almost as much as anything to-day at the Embassy, and Ciro's, and the Savoy, and Prince's, and Claridge's, and the Ritz, and the Cecil, and the Troc., and the Tricity, and such-like places, only, of course, quite differently from the old rather rough and romping way (so far's one can gather) of our forefathers and foremothers.

卐

Dance on ice, too, of course, we do these days at the Ice Club in Grosvenor Road; where the dancing also takes a bit of doing. Still, it's worth practising, meseems, for the mere chance. And ever so much more amusing sport really for a chilly afternoon than, for instance, dog racing, which, by the way, I hear there's quite a regular campaign starting against just now. Seems

"Crossing sweepers"

all the alleged working classes, who ought to be buying Saving Certificates and things, are blueing the lot on the greyhounds instead, and so the country really *is* going to the dogs, or words to that effect. And as one of the chief dog-racing people's also one of the head Savings-Certificaters, or whatever they call it, there's quite a lot of chat, not to say amusement, about it. But then it *is* rather an amusing world, is not it?

卐

Which reminds me—we're in January now, aren't we, which means new dog licences, doesn't it, and motor ones (things one *always* grudges) and such-like, but . . . *But,* and don't you forget it, just crossed a jolly old new threshold we have, and the slate's wiped more or less clean, and there's a whole fresh and untrodden era spread out before us like the untrodden snow, so to speak. All of which is rather nice to know and ponder on, methinks, and, by the way, this is a Leap Year, too, isn't it, this new one?

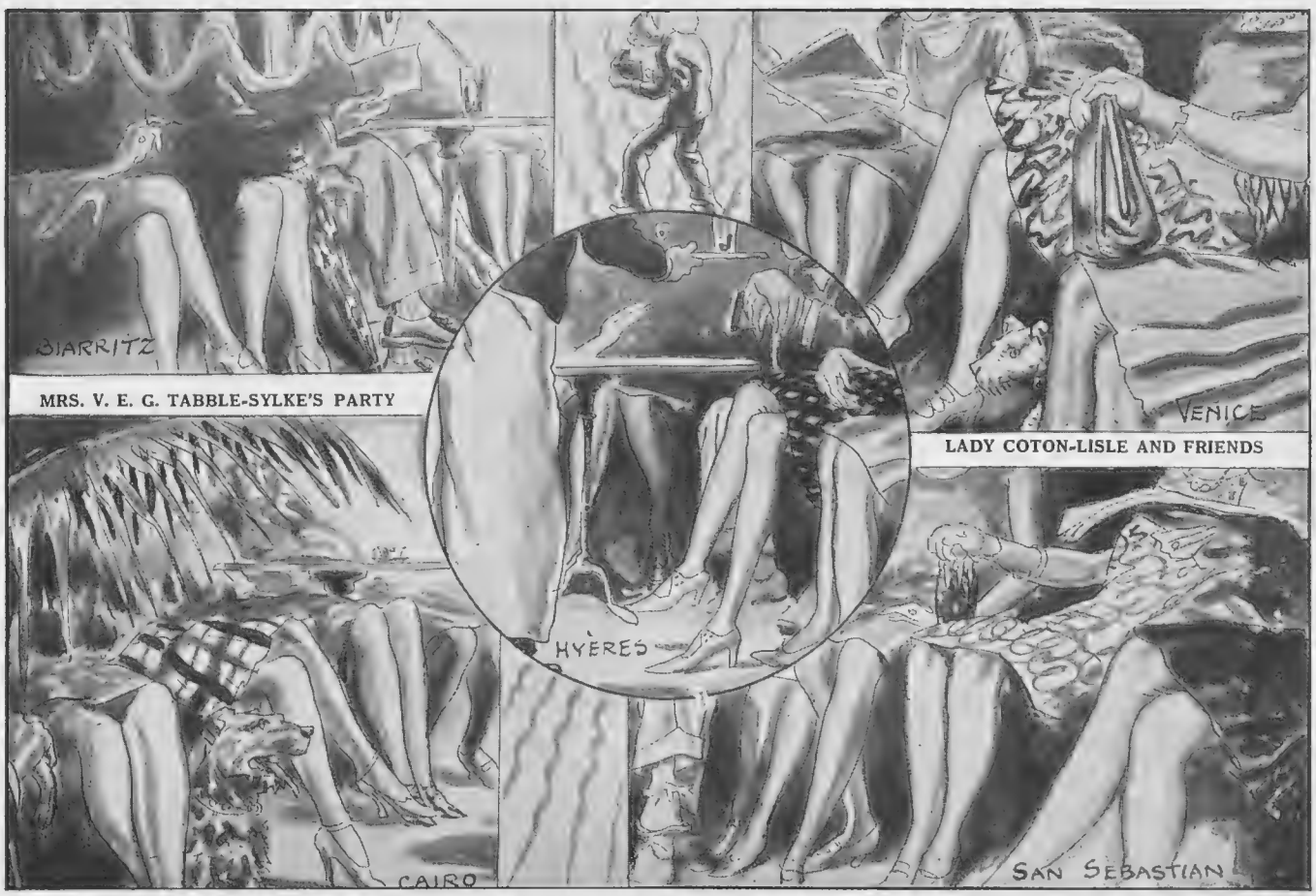
卐

Not that *that* makes much difference these days, does it, or ever did for that matter, what? I mean, I suppose there *are* still people about who suffer from some delusions as to who makes up men's minds for them and (after suitable interval) finally sends those little notices to *The Times* and the *Morning Post?* But they're not members of the (once) timid and reticent sex, anyway, are they, what?

With love,

Yours ever,

Blanchette.



By Hamilton Williams

MRS. BONSO TYKE AND PARTY

THE HON. ST. J. GADGETT-WATSYTT AND PARTY OF FRIENDS

PORTRAITS OF SOME WELL-KNOWN PEOPLE NOW WINTERING IN THE SOUTH

RUGGER REFLECTIONS

A NAVAL NURSERY

By PENDARVES

A DIGNITARY writes for the enlightenment of an impressed public as follows: — "The modern English schoolboy has a lower average weight than the American boy of the same age. . . . He is less robust, softer, more of a sybarite, and definitely more of a weakling."

This must have had a very subduing effect upon studies and quads and common rooms about England. One feels sure that fags and prefects and House Captains went to Chapel with puckered brows for days afterwards. It angered me. So I dived deep into the country for solace—and a refutation.

Not to one of the limelight public schools: they get all the publicity. But to a place which gets none. To H.M.S. *Ganges* instead, stationed at Shotley—they call it Harwich, to put you off the scent. A Naval nursery, where the lore of Rugger is born in boys' minds, the better that they may "play the game" when men. Not a ship really, but a Naval Training Establishment, from three of which in England the Navy gets her lower deck. A far more thrilling experience for a Bystander than any theatrical Twickenham or Murrayfield scene is one of the "ship's" Rugger grounds on a raw December afternoon.

Fourteen to fifteen hundred boys who have appeared voluntarily from the dark recesses of England's cities, knowing few games that are good to know, and some that are bad. Plunged pell-mell into the vortex of "The Ship," over which the spirit of Rugger, and all that it implies, seems to predominate, though all other games are played. Transformed in a few weeks into upright, hard-tackling, clear-eyed, ferociously fit MEN of fifteen or sixteen summers.

Here punts about the First Fifteen on a field, waiting for opponents in the north-east wind, of which they are oblivious. An officer calls one or two of them towards him on the touch line for my benefit. Every one of them is the complete personification of physical and mental fitness. The opponents, denied this magnificent Naval training, appear pastily mediocre by comparison, and in the fullness of time have forty or so points taken off them.

The First Fifteen have had only a couple of dozen games of Rugger in their lives, under official tuition. Yet here you see the game being really skilfully played. Halves "opening up" for threes: the full back going down head on: the front row man hooking properly: forwards wheeling: a winger executing a Dempsey hand-off: a place kicker converting goals from touch lines with a greasy ball: the delightful monologue, "Now come on, Ship, we *must* have this ball out." In fact the highest class of Navy Rugger—in the making.

And the hardness, and the stamina, the keeping-it-going-to-the-godam-end kind of play. A most inspiring sight. A complete answer to those who write scathingly of the decadence of British youth. And found in a remote place which would blush to the roots of its hair if asked to talk about itself.

The spirit of Rugger remained all-enveloping about me when I went back to "The Ship" in the winter dusk. Saw "the Quarter Deck"—a concrete parade ground—saluted gravely by all who tread it. Found a priceless terrier in an officer's "cabin"—"Nozzer," meaning "new boy"—who had recently celebrated his first birthday (complete with cake and one candle; all the other dogs coming sedately in to tea) and wasn't feeling too fit in consequence! Watched the impressive little flag-lowering ceremony at sunset: the bugles sounding to Quarters, the topping food preparing in the Galleys: hordes of excessively hungry and inordinately happy boys lined up in their divisions preparatory to attacking it in their Messes.

Tea in the cheery ward room—and more Rugger in the abstract, as in all ward rooms afloat and ashore at this time of year. And subsequently a tour of inspection (conducted by "Nozzer" with the self-possessed manner of a C.P.O.) of the whole efficient place, over which, from captain's house, through ward room, messes, class rooms, gyms, swimming baths, footer fields, rests one abiding root principle of thought and action: the *man* doesn't count—it is the *side*; which must never be let down.

IN THE SWIM

WHEN Jack and Jill
Climbed up the hill
The world revolved sedately;
No push and go
Spurred on the slow,
But no one worried greatly.

Arcadian scenes
In various greens
Enshrined Jill's rustic beauty;
While on "the land"
Jack took his stand
For England, Home and Duty.

But times have changed:
Life's re-arranged,
The scheme of things is swifter.
We go the pace,
And rush, and race,
And—Heaven help the drifter!

So Jill and Jack
Gulp down a snack,
And then, whatever the weather,
They dash away
At close of day
And go to the dogs together!

E. L. ROBERTS.

H.M.S. GANGES FIRST XV

These boys are trained at the Royal Naval Establishment for two years before passing into the Service. During that time they learn to play Rugger and the game—of life

Leading Rugger Clubs

No. 10.—GUY'S HOSPITAL

Hospital Rugger is usually in a class by itself, and is noted for its hearty "give and take." Of all the Hospital sides, Guy s is, perhaps, the best known, if only for the magnificent threequarter line it is wont to produce

BON MOT-IFS

By HARTLEY CARRICK

THE L.C.C. authorities declare that they have been unable to find a suitable motto for themselves. They are welcome to a choice from the following :—

"Κακον ἀναγκαῖον." —A necessary evil. —*Sophocles.*

"Cacœthes Loquendi."—An itch for talking.—*Cicero.*

"Boutez en avant."—Push forward.—*Beaumarchais.*

"Mehr Licht." — More light! — *Schiller.*

"Dolce far niente."—The sweet condition of doing nothing.—*Italian Proverb.*

"Hizonos Dios y maravillámonos nos."—God made us and we admire ourselves! —*Spanish Proverb.*

"Get on with it!"—*Old English Saying.*

. . . . .

"HAS an editor ever accepted any of your contributions?"

"Yes; two postal orders for one of his football competitions."

. . . . .

WE are informed that bargees on the Thames seldom touch spirits. There was a time when they were both whisky and watermen.

. . . . .

"MY husband has given me a new costume for the Chelsea Arts' Club Ball."

"What are you going as?"

"A blessing—in disguise."

. . . . .

COMMUNISTS say they have cleared their minds of cant. Forward — the vacuum cleaner.

IT is reported that Herr Stresemann can always galvanise his colleagues into activity. He must have some affinity to those electric Herrs we are accustomed to.

. . . . .

AN Ealing postman is holding an exhibition of his pictures. We understand that he favours the parcels-post-Impressionist school.

. . . . .

MOST of the sayings attributed to Doctor Spooner, of Oxford, are probably apocryphal. We are credibly informed, however, that, on one occasion, when he spilled some salt, he immediately poured his glass of claret over it!

. . . . .

HE had been celebrating very much too well, had taken a plunge in the club swimming bath to recover, and had dressed hastily ere he returned home.

"John," said his wife that night in their bedroom, "where's your vest?"

"Good heavens," he exclaimed, still dazed, "I must have been robbed in the cab!"

UNCLE AT HIS WORST

I have seen men who've been looked on with disfavour,
Who'd have perished on the spot if looks could kill,
But I've never recollected
Such black scowls as were directed
In our drawing-room last night at Uncle Bill.

He refused to play charades or do the Charleston,
He complained because the window wasn't shut,
And he sat there, like a death's head,
Till my partner, 'neath her breath, said,
"I should like to spifflicate the silly mutt!"

I perceived that all the guests were growing restless,
I could see the men were looking very red,
And I even heard my auntie
Murmur, "Drat the fellow! Can't he
Understand that all the girls are feeling fed!"

Was it merely that he looked an old curmudgeon,
And was humpy, and was grumpy?
Bless you, no;
But the blighter sat, from seven
To about half-past eleven,
Underneath our only sprig of mistletoe!

. . . . .

A LADY writes to tell us that she has invented a cigar that will strike on the box.

Beware of the brand that is plucked from the burning.

. . . . .

"WELL," remarked the Englishman, as he disembarked at Southampton, "there's one thing to be said for New York; it's not like this benighted country; there, you can get a drink at any old time."

. . . . .

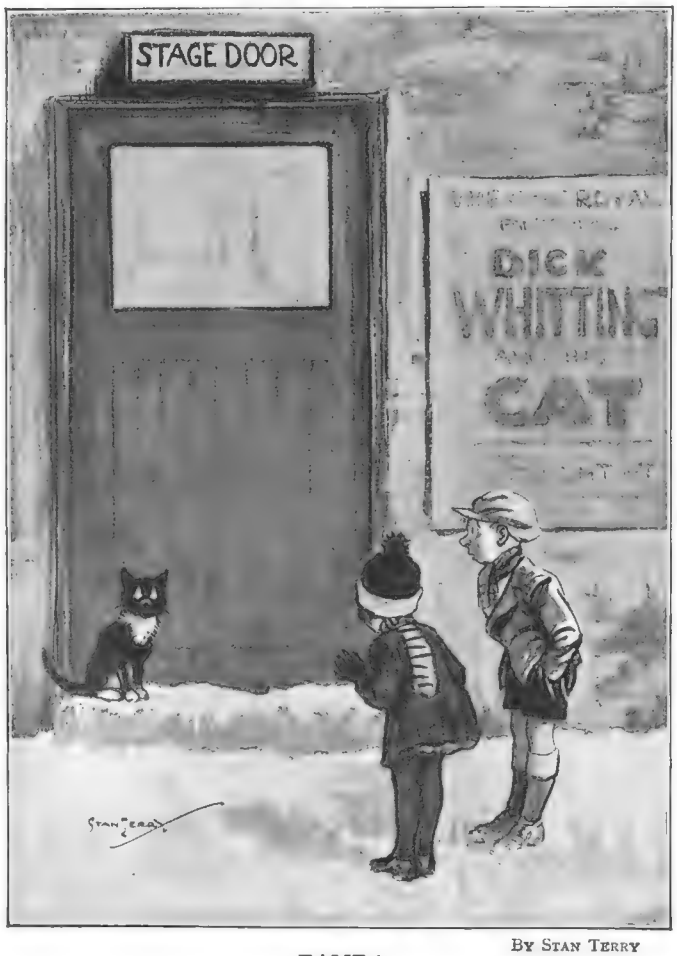
A CHICAGO youth has been sentenced for attempting to hypnotise his mother. His suggested triumph of mind over mater has, therefore, not materialised.

. . . . .

FOR losing her thumb a woman, as compensation, has been awarded £75. We can only conclude it was the thumb she kept her husband under.

. . . . .

A STATESMAN writes that in the matter of Royalty England stands supreme. The old saying that we are still *facile Prince-ps* once more is true.



BY STAN TERRY

FAME!

Weight and See

BY W. HEATH ROBINSON

The New Safety Ice-Tester for testing under comfortable conditions the capacity of the ice to bear the weight of the average British citizen

Produced December 1, 1927

By "JINGLE" *Illustrations by MACMICHAEL*

THIS attractive entertainment must be an instalment of the rare and refreshing fruit promised to us some time ago by a pushful politician. It seems to me to be the jolliest thing of its kind that has yet come to Town. Beginning seasonably with a picturesque and playful travesty of the traditional harlequinade, it carries us swiftly along to a happily varied deluge of wit and humour. There is, for instance, the noisy costermonger who cries his wares vociferously as he walks abroad. Why should this manner of trading be restricted to his privileged class? By way of an effective answer we have, first of all, the local doctor parading the street with his stethoscope ready for action, offering treatment at bargain prices. Then we have the enterprising curate inviting weddings, and their natural consequences at the font, for the statutory fees; and the barrister offering help in actions at law. And lastly we have a member of the famous Scottish clan calling upon all and sundry to borrow fabulous sums on note of hand alone.

THERE is pretty humour in the turn of "The Doubtful Quartette." The four vocalists stroll on with the nice diffidence of Welsh Glee Singers, and fling themselves bravely into their job until one of them is found to be a trifle flat. Immediately the turn is suspended and the singers march gravely to the wings, from which we presently hear what the novelists call a dull, sickening thud, and when only three of the performers return we know that swift and impartial justice has been done. By degrees the number of vocalists is gradually reduced in the manner of the little nigger boys till there is none left. I think I must call round at the theatre one evening and borrow the club or hammer, or whatever the conclusive weapon is, when the people opposite are playing the piano with all their windows open. I could just step across the road and ask the musician to spare me a couple of seconds or so of his valuable time, and there would be peace on earth once more.

THERE is an ingeniously constructed scene between a girl employed at a telephone exchange and a young man who has fallen in love with her voice. (Miracles, it would seem, do still happen.) Miss Cicely Courtneidge, who is the glittering star of the show, takes the part of the Hullo Girl, whose vocabulary is limited to the jargon of the exchange, which is made to fit all sorts of contingencies. Finally, when the young man begins to get sentimental the young lady, who does not appreciate the attention, is sorry he has been t-r-r-oubled, and informs him bluntly that he is cut off.

MISS COURTNEIDGE'S crowning triumph is as "La Belle des Folies-Bergère," while "Les Chorus Girls" of that home of light are represented by "Les Hulbert Girls." This is quite brilliant nonsense. It is a striking caricature of some of the fleeting Parisian stars who owe their eminence more to the affluence of their financial backers than to any native talent of their own. The song is French, but local colour is adroitly supplied by the proposal to sing a verse in The English As She is Spoke "for the benefit of the American visitors in the audience." The turn is a nice example of Miss Courtneidge's amazing versatility, and, presented as it is with agreeable taste and a wealth of colour, it is easily the feature of the evening.

MR. HULBERT, in a slight but extremely effective make-up as a dog-fancier, has a turn in which he sings a pathetic dirge about his favourite greyhound that was destined for fame at the White City, but fell from grace at the last moment, having been led astray by a designing female of an entirely different breed, thus demonstrating, it is alleged, that a dog is only human after all. The perils of matrimony are emphasised by a couple of brief sketches that may have been taken from life. In the first a loving wife, noticing that her husband is not so attentive to her as he was at their marriage fifteen years

before, has the imprudence to bring out some of the love-letters he wrote to her in their courting days, and no fellow likes to be reminded of his one and only lapse from sanity. The consequence is a domestic squabble, which ends by the husband letting his wife go out alone, while he takes the maid-of-all-work to the "pictures."

IN another sketch a young man of the name of Charles comes to his friend John for help in his matrimonial quest. Charles is in love with a nice girl named Stella, but whenever he suggests marriage there is always a quarrel. Just what Stella expected the outcome of the court-

ship to be is not mentioned, and it is not our business, anyway. John makes Stella sit beside him while he draws a rosy picture of the dear delights of domesticity and the undiluted happiness of married couples. And just as he has all but converted Stella his wife comes bustling into the room, and seeing him seated on the sofa with a nice, tender-eyed girl beside him at once puts the worst construction on the scene, as ladies always have done and always will do. The result is the usual outburst of nagging, and Stella is able to see the pitfall from which she has escaped. I expect, however, that young people will still go on marrying, as they know that each of their own cases is the exception that proves the rule.

THEN we get a touch of Romance with an appropriate setting in the East, which has always enjoyed a monopoly of perfect love. A great Prince is enamoured of a beauteous girl, upon whom he is prepared to shower wealth in excessive quantities. A Soothsayer, who seems about as reliable as our own home-made weather prophets, foretells that the Prince will get

Stage Photo Co.

"ER—MY WIFE!"

Jack Hulbert trying to explain away an awkward moment in the sketch entitled "The Matchmaker." June, "the friend" on the sofa, is being presented to "the wife," Irene Russell

the girl all right. But there drifts on the scene a likely young man with comely features and a good figure, and you know what girls are in a case like that. This is a very decorative scene, and is gracefully dominated by the young lady who calls herself June, and who is the leading dancer of the turn presented.

SIZING up a satisfying entertainment of this kind is about as useful as analysing a Christmas pudding after you have had the usual second helping. While one or two of the items are of exceptionally rare quality, the level of the confection as a whole is agreeably high. Apart from Mr. Hulbert and Miss Courtneidge, who are the buttresses of the show, there are some extremely able "impressions" of well-known actresses by Miss Irene Russell, who is another of the versatile performers in various scenes. There are heaps of lovely chorus ladies, and there is a jazz band on the stage conducted by a Russian composer from Chicago, or some such city of leading, who subsequently turns out to be Mr. Hulbert himself with whiskers on. *Clowns in Clover* ought to be a permanent institution of Town.

JINGLE

In the Days of the Smuggler

Stage Photo Co.

Tom Reynolds as Mr. Mipps (left), Florence McHugh as Imogene, and Charles Hickman as Denis Cobtree in a scene from "Dr. Syn," the smuggling play at the Strand Theatre. It would seem that, even in those hard-drinking times, Wine did not always take precedence over Women!

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BY STAN TERRY

"THE LITTLE STOWAWAY"

Central Press

THE PLAYGROUND OF THE ENGADINE

When the weather reports from the Winter Sports centres begin to read "Very fine: 12 to 14 inches of snow" the enthusiast dreams of snowfields sparkling in the brilliant sunshine of the mountains and long, exhilarating runs on skis. The scene pictured, taken on the ski-ing slopes above St. Moritz, is typical of the delights that await the visitor to the Swiss heights in winter time

The Call of the Snows

"JUMP TO IT!" *I.B.*

A rush downhill, a sudden rise in the ground—and you shoot out into the unknown, to land on your skis, or elsewhere, as fortune and your degree of proficiency shall decide. These skiers are seen practising jumps at St. Moritz before the critical gaze of two Norwegian visitors in national costume

AMONG THE MOUNTAINS *Central Press*

A blue sky, unflecked by clouds, the sun shining down on wide stretches of snow scintillating with countless points of light, and the soaring mountain peaks combine in an invitation that the lover of winter sport finds hard to resist. This scene was taken on the ski-ing slopes above Engelberg

1927's "Frozen Limit" in England

I. B.

F. W. Dix (the previous holder), who finished second to C. Horn in the Duddleston Cup at Swavesey, Cambridge. The cup was won in the record time of 3 min. 3·5 secs.

I. B.

A photograph of an exciting incident in the hockey match between Dublin and Aberdeen Universities. This was played in heavy snow at College Park, Dublin

Central Press

L. T. Redburn (the winner) and D. Richardson at the finish of the Amateur Mile Championship of London. This took place on Ruislip Reservoir for the first time since 1912

Topical

Some experts from the Manchester Ice Palace who are the British representatives for the Olympic Games: A. P. Burnham (left), Miss K. Lovatt, Miss K. Shaw, Miss E. Muckelt, and F. J. Page

During the past year the Clerk of the Weather had many a nasty surprise in store for us. The wet summer was followed by a cheerless autumn, but the real *chef-d'œuvre* came at the end of the year. A sudden and intense frost brought out our skates, then came the thaw, skids—and casualties!

PARISIANA

By "RENÉ"

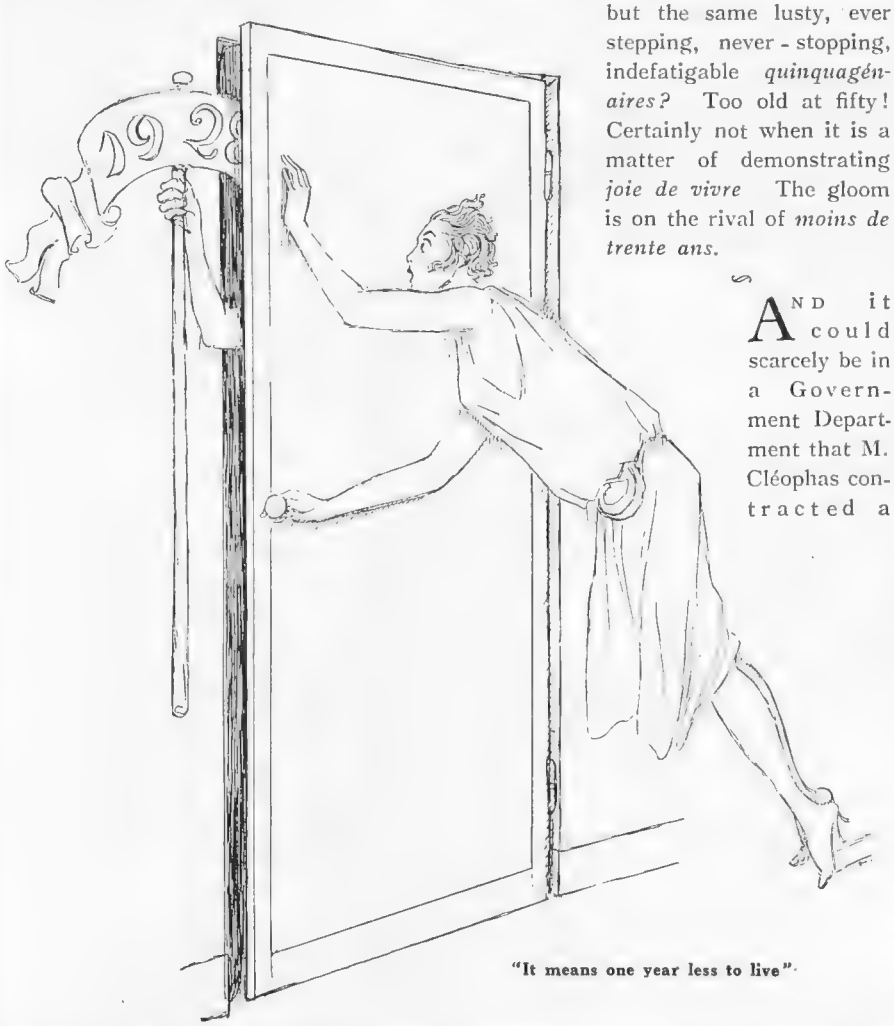
Illustrations by MARCEL PONCIN

"Asking the bishops to pronounce a ban"

MES AMIS—

M. CLÉOPHAS, a former official, informed all and sundry that when he reached the age of fifty he would commit suicide. Life after that, he said, is not worth while living. Well, I am all in favour of giving the young people a chance, being young myself, but what perplexes me is—where can M. Cléophas have been putting in his time to cause him so to see *la vie en noir?* Walk into any of the fashionable restaurants of Paris at dinner-time and what sort of men do you see gathered round tables that are alluringly half-lit with pink or mauve lamps, sharing quips with pretty ladies, and generally the more vivacious?

ARE they boys of twenty-five or thirty? No, they are *enfants* of fifty and over. And who are the men who dance almost every dance at Ciro's, Maxim's, or, on Sunday nights, at the Ritz? The same youngsters of the half-century mark. And when we lads make our way up to Montmartre, with more than a hint of laggardliness, at two of the morning, who are they that prevent us from securing a table, by having captured them all beforehand, but the same lusty, ever stepping, never-stopping, indefatigable *quinquagénaires?* Too old at fifty! Certainly not when it is a matter of demonstrating *joie de vivre* The gloom is on the rival of *moins de trente ans.*



"It means one year less to live"

AND it could scarcely be in a Government Department that M. Cléophas contracted a doleful belief that he was becoming too slow to keep pace with requirements. The one demonstration of quickness there is the celerity with which the *débutants* assume the leisurely manners of their seniors. M. Cléophas could never have run any risk of unfavourable comparison with more agile juniors. In fact, as between the two, most members of the public would prefer to deal with the older officials; they have *la manière,* whereas the younger ones display merely the disagreeable side of dawdling. *Quand-même,* pessimistic Cléophas ought to have recalled what France did in her hours of need. When she wanted a man to win the war she sent for Clemenceau, who was nearly eighty, and when she wanted another man to save the franc she called on Poincaré, who was well over sixty, but who does twice as much work as most men of twenty-six.

Non, mille fois non, this writing of *finis* at fifty cannot be accepted, My lovable friend the Comtesse Riguidi, who is a gossipy writer of great parts and who always lays much emphasis on the fact that she is ageing, is frequently apt to sound the same fifty-farewell note, but I suspect her of being a glutton for sympathy and affection. She was suggesting that it is a mistake to welcome a New Year as it means one year less to live, but that seems to me to be rather straining things. A woman of her spirit, moreover, probably gets as much out of a month as others do out of twelve.

"The stomachic upheavals of Channel crossing"

I DON'T see how she could possibly deny, after honestly looking around, that the matrons have a better time nowadays than ever in the course of history. (She would have difficulty in detecting which are the matrons.) Who is it, if not they, who supports the well-nourished corporation of gigolos and other dancing partners? And who is it, if not they — indirectly — who is responsible for the new *robes du soir,* which even Paris describes as "impudent" in *décolleté,* with their barer and still barer backs—in fact, virtually without back at all, till the skimpy skirt begins its brief existence.

"Still barer backs"

THE younger Parisiennes have had to resort to this form of audacity in the hope of reaching a *terrain* on which their older, and dangerously experienced, rivals would have to renounce competition. They have tried the more familiar form of *décolleté* in vain as, in dealing with a forward outlook, the matrons discovered that they could call to their assistance certain aids which placed them virtually on level terms. But, in deciding to indulge in a display of bare back, the younger generation feel they have turned the enemy's position.

EVEN the very best beauty experts, it appears, have not, as yet, been able to devise any method by which they can give new backs for old, so the back test becomes simultaneously the age test. Either the matrons must risk the back-less evening frock and thus give away the secret of their years by the revelation of speaking lines, or they must frankly admit that they cannot withstand comparison, by clinging to gowns whose backs go high up above the shoulder blades. Yet I would not be surprised if the seniors do not find some means of overcoming the new handicap set up by their young rivals, even if it comes to asking the bishops to pronounce a ban on frocks that are merely fronts with skirts depending.

THE British colony of Paris has lately been raising its eyebrows over happenings in London, and finds it very hard to readjust its sense of values to the circumstances. I refer to recent dramatic productions. We are aware, of course, that emphasis is laid on the fact that these productions are the work of "private" societies, but this information reduces the shock only very slightly. When *Maya* was staged in Paris no representative of a British journal, so far as I am aware, considered it desirable even to make allusion to it, let alone outline the plot, so you will imagine how staggering we found the news that it had been given in London.

AND it is to be presumed that the innovation was regarded as a success, as it was followed by the production of *La Prisonnière,* another of the plays which, we imagined, was limited in appeal to the Latin countries. *La Prisonnière* discusses a theme which is dangerous enough when dealt with in French. It must be much more objectionable in blunt English, so we are left gasping at the audacity of London producers.

IT only remains now for some ultra-modern to set *L'Ile Lointaine* before a West End audience, and we shall be able to draw the conclusion that London has placed itself on the same plane as Paris and "forbidden" topics for dramatisation have ceased to exist: *L'Ile Lointaine* being a very daring examination of the problem whether one's view of what is right, morally, can be altered by circumstances. But if London has reached this state why should not one of these producers be able to stage "privately" one of the Folies Bergere or Casino de Paris revues. Many week-end tourists would then be spared the stomachic upheavals of a Channel crossing. RENÉ.

A RAILWAY IN THE AIR

For the benefit of skiers and other visitors to Engelberg a new Aerial Railway has been opened from Gerschnialp to Trübsee. This new railway, one of the coaches of which is seen above, opens up a new ski-ing district rising to an altitude of 7,200 feet

The Hat Trick in Paris

Topical

Jeanne Aubert adopts a masculine note in evening dress when posing for her photograph. She is starring in the revue now running at the Moulin Rouge in Paris

"I discovered to at last find myself in gay Paree"

GLOBE AND OTHER TROTTINGS

By YOGO HAMA *Illustrations by OKUN INGAMAI*

MOST DEAR HON. BYSTANDERS,

MORE as needlessly to say, *le premier* instalment of my celebrated *memoirs* and Parisian divulsions, has caused a non-paralleled sensation from the Uppest to the Lowest 10 circles, and are the almost only *sujet de discussion* (French) in the daily, weekly and monthly Press. These saidly divulgences are regarded on all sides to be the biggest *dernier cri* and bomb ever imbusted from the blue, and precious more as 1 of our noble and augustest families are quaking for fear in their boots at what my nextly exposures may divulge. Notwithstandingly, I shall sparelessly tell only the purest truths at no matter what awful costs to Hon. Editor and proprietors of this journal. I are an entirely dauntless person, and cannot succeed to even spell the word "fear," very much less feel it. Thusly my innumerous admirers may fearlessly anticipate to enjoy some of the best quality and warranted scandals which have ever been purveyed in the most high-class *memoirs* of recent or any other times.

My Parisian Nights (continued). My Hon. father (the Marquis d'Hama) and self arrived with our *entourage* (French for Okun Ingamai, who, at enormous sacrifice of my personal feelings, I had persuaded Hon. father to engage as a boot-*wallah*) to France *en route* for the Quai d'Orsay to bandy *pourparlers* and suchly diplomatics etiquettes. At the *Gare du Nord* (French for Charing Cross) we were met by a military band, which blew us brass tunes of very A.1 quality and *timbre*. And thusly I discovered to at last find myself in gay Paree, where, so theological persons inform, all pious Americans arrive to when defunct and sometimes before. Not ever shall I succeed to forget my 1-st look at this so celebrated and wonderful spot.

"Inform me, Yogo, what you think of this Honourable city?" requeshed my father.

"*C'est magnifique, mais ce n'est pas la guerre,*" I responsed in words which are now grown to be famous.

Arriving at the Quai d'Orsay, a covey of super-luscious *filles* from the *Comédie Français* aimed bouquets of *fleur de lis* to our heads, and also sang the *Marceillaise* (French for "Rule Britannia"), while innumerous *citoyens* clapped for joy and ejaculed "*Vive l'Hama!*" and suchly patriotic cries. We were received by M. Poincaré, who smacked my Hon. father 2 kisses, which are French for shaking hands.

And now I are going to explode a bomb which, I cannot hesitate to doubt, will cause a frightful sensation in Grt. Britain with, very perhapsly, epochal consequences. As all Hon. Bystanders are non-doubtlessly cogniscent, I nurture enormous respects for Hon. Sir Baldwin and other cabinet persons, and have not ever refused them my good advices and expert informations. But I should be impardonably guilty if I non-divulged the so awful and damish plot which these saidly politicals are now brooding to hatch. It are more as likely that the Editor and staff of Hon. BYSTANDER will be cast immediately into chains for impublishing these so wicked truths, but, as a great and world-wide *literati*, I feel I must hesitatelessly enjoy any sacrifice, more rather as permit the *vox populi* of Grt. Britain to bury its head in a fool's paradise like as the foolish feathered ostrich.

(O, how much more better it are to be a humble triper at per a 1d. a line than a far-flung *literati* at countless guineas per 1,000 who are faced with the awful duty of depicting so utterablelessly black truths that all correct-minded persons will grow white at reading them!)

But to return ourselves to our *moutons*. Having bandied embracings, the as follows conversations were pursued. As my Hon. father enjoys only 1 tongue, I performed the interpretings.

M. Poincaré: *Je suis bien aise de vous voir.*

Y. Hama (p.p. Hon. father): Kindly to non-mention it. *Le pied* are entirely *sur l'autre botte.*

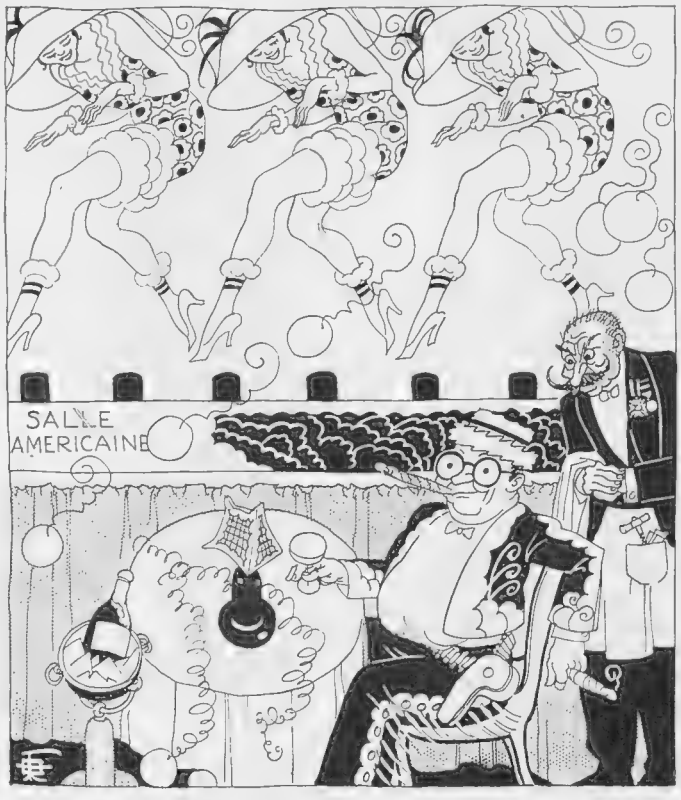
M. Poincaré (non-doubtlessly because Hon. father had enjoyed a so bad crossing): *Qu'est-ce qu'il peut bien avoir?*

Y. Hama: *Mon* Hon. parental suffered the *mal de mer dans* his *estomac.*

M. Poincaré: *Ah bien, il n'y a pas de quoi!*

(For the convenients of non-sophisticates, tyroes and bucolic persons, I shall depict the rest of the conversations in the British tongue.)

"That are all so well," responsed my Hon. father, "but it are entirely not any joke to suffer marine spasms and other nautical twists."



"In gay Paree where . . . all pious Americans arrivo to when defunct"

Reaching Great Heights

BY H. M. BATEMAN

It is remarkable what scientific training methods will accomplish on the football field

"That are so," rebarked M. Poincaré, "but perhapsly you shall before not so very long cross from perfidious Albion on entirely *terra firma*."

"Ha, ha, that sounds to be a very amusing joke!"

"*Mais non*, Marquis. Pass me your ear and I shall tell you an extremely and frightfully confidential secret. *We are poking a tunnel under the Anglo-Franco Channel!*"

"*Ma certes!*" exclaimed Hon. father, "but how of the Grt. Brittons?"

"*Tiens!* That are the entire joke. The British *vox populi* are completely awareless. We shall poke and poke and poke till we are under Hon. British War Office, then make purchase some cwts. of very H.E. gunpowder, and —poof—aloft will go the War Office, Hon. Lord Worthington Evans and all!"

"But how of Hon. Sir Baldwin, Hon. Sir Lord George, and other Anglo patriotics? Also C.I.D. persons? Are they a 100% suspectless?"

"*Bah! Qui se ressemble s'assemble!* How imagine you to suppose they have

"The Secret Service *Français*"

succeeded to acquire their so enormous wealths? Lord Birkens Head and his cigars, Lord Sir Winston de Churchill and his *chapeaux*, Lord Sir 'Jimmie' de Thomas and his dress garments! Do they work? *Non!* The *galette*—pardon —*l'argent*, it comes itself from the coffers of the Secret Service *Français*."

"You allege to inform that suchly persons have receive bribings so you may poke a tunnel under the Anglo-Channel?" engasped Hon. father.

"*Oui*. But this are very 10,000 *h.p.* secret, Marquis, and should cause speakableless consternations if let out of the bag. But you may warrant to bet that before not so very long, Hon. Sir Baldwin, Hon. Sir Dean Inge, Hon. Sir Lord G. B. S. Shaw, and other Anglo-British politicals will be *en route* at enormous *m's.p.h.* for entirely non-British spheres."

(Ha, ha, I think that has put some beans in the soup!—Y. H.)

Yogo Hama

BYSTANDER BRIDGE

BROADCASTING BRIDGE

By A. E. MANNING FOSTER

WHILE the broadcasting of Bridge hands is being experimented with in a not altogether satisfactory fashion in this country, it has become a regular and most popular feature in the United States. Under the auspices of Mr. Milton Work and Mr. Wilbur C. Whitehead, who are most thorough at the business, it has done much to increase the popularity of the game.

The following is an interesting hand recently used for demonstration, in which Mr. Work was Y and Mr. Whitehead A, and the other two were well-known players in Texas:—

	S.—J, 9, 8, 3. H.—Q, 2. D.—10, 7, 6, 5, 2. C.—9, 8.	
S.—K, Q, 10, 5, 4. H.—9, 7, 6. D.—Q, 8. C.—K, 10, 5.	Y A B Z	S.—2. H.—K, 10, 4. D.—A, K, J, 4, 3. C.—A, Q, 7, 4.
	S.—A, 7, 6. H.—A, J, 8, 5, 3. D.—9. C.—J, 6, 3, 2.	

Score: Game all. Z deals and bids "One Heart"; A, "One Spade"; Y, "No bid"; B, "One No Trump." All pass.

While there is nothing particularly remarkable about the bidding, it deserves a word of comment.

Z's bid of "One Heart" is on the very minimum holding for an initial suit bid. The outside Ace of Spades renders the bid justifiable.

A's "One Spade" would never have been correct as an initial bid, but was sound as a following or defensive bid. Y, of course, could say nothing, and B quite properly bid "One No Trump" in preference to the minor suit of Diamonds. No further bid could justifiably have been made by the other players.

. . . . . .

Now as to play. Z opens with the 5 of Hearts, the 6 is played from Dummy, Y plays the Queen, and B takes the trick with the King.

B now surveys the position. There are four sure tricks in Diamonds and three in Clubs—a total of eight tricks, but one short of game.

If the adverse Diamonds are normally distributed five tricks can be made in that suit, and if the Clubs are evenly split an additional Club trick. Either of these additional tricks will yield game. It is also possible to establish a Spade trick by leading that suit, but such a lead is out of the question with the Ace of Spades outstanding and the Heart suit of the adversaries fully established. As you will see from the actual hands, the Diamonds do not clear, and four tricks in Clubs can only be made by finessing against the Jack of Clubs in Z's hand, which would be very bad play, as B does not know its location, and it would be fatal to let Y have a trick.

But B accomplished the task of making game by squeezing tactics, and this is how it was done.

Trick 2.—B leads 3 of Diamonds, and takes the trick with Dummy's Queen.

Trick 3.—Dummy leads 8 of Diamonds, and B takes the trick with the Ace, and Z discards the 7 of Spades. B now realises that Y has the Diamond suit stopped, and that should he lead out the King, Jack, the 10 would be established in Y's hand.

Trick 4.—B leads King of Diamonds, Z discards 6 of Spades, completing his call signal to show the Ace. Dummy discards 4 of Spades, and Y plays the 6 of Diamonds.

Trick 5.—B leads 4 of Clubs, Z plays the 2, Dummy the King, and Y the 8.

Trick 6.—Dummy leads 5 of Clubs, and B takes the trick with the Ace. This is now the crucial point. B realises that if Z has the Jack of Clubs guarded he must save the game.

Trick 7.—B leads Jack of Diamonds to force a discard. Z discards 3 of Hearts, Dummy 5 of Spades, and Y plays 7 of Diamonds. The feat is now accomplished. B leads 2 of Spades, which Z is obliged to take with his Ace. He makes his three Heart tricks, and after doing so is obliged to lead a Club, and B makes the last two Club tricks, game, and rubber.

. . . . . .

You will notice that while B could not be certain how the cards lay, no risk was taken in the play unless Z had six Hearts. Against B's actual play Z was helpless. Squeeze opportunities arise frequently. The Declarer who is on the look-out for them realises many opportunities for game that players unfamiliar with squeeze possibilities fail to notice.

A New Light among the Stars

Vandyk

MISS MEG LE MONNIER

Whose sudden emergence into the limelight is a recent romance of the theatre. Mr. Archie de Bear chose her from the chorus of "Blue Skies" to play a leading part in "Sylvia," and now Mr. Seymour Hicks has engaged her at short notice to join the company which he is taking to Canada

The Continent Comes to England

BATHING ON THE DEVON CÔTE D'AZUR *Photopress*

A winter scene photographed at "Torquay-sur-Mer" in South Devon. Far removed from the Arctic regions of London and other parts, the bathers are making the most of the sunny weather on our own particular Côte d'Azur

Photopress

GONDOLAS ON THE CANTERBURY LIDO

The broad Venetian-like canals at Canterbury afforded a unique opportunity for the local gondolieri to give a proof of their quality. The way they manœuvred their craft to the doors of the famous *albergo*, Oddfellows' Arms, occasioned universal admiration

Topical

TAKING THE WATERS AT READINGBAD

It is not only the biscuit that is to be taken at Reading, for the waters also are ready and waiting. Above is seen an enthusiast riding for his daily dose on the Manor Farm estate

You Want the Best Snows—We Have Them

Topical

SKI-ING IN THE HERTS MOUNTAINS

Winter sports have been in full swing in Hertfordshire, where the ski experts have been holding a gala meeting. Above an enthusiastic sportsman is seen in the act of completing a spectacular jump for the benefit of the tyros assembled on the Nursery Slopes at Tring

Central News

A MATTER OF "COURSE" NEAR KENTISHSTEG

A fair skier on a "course" in the famous Kent snowfields. The photograph was taken at that popular winter sports centre, Westerham

Special Press

A MOTOR "SLAY" AT ST. ALBANS DORF

A motor comes to grief on a "run" near St. Albans, where the snowfall has been eminently satisfactory to winter sports enthusiasts. The party was rescued by the "St. Bernard" seen on the right

Photo Illus.

LUGEING IN THE RICHMOND OBERLAND

Winter sports devotees have been busy taking the nearest train to the snowy wastes of Richmond Park, where lugeing and ski-ing have been very much the order of the day. An intrepid couple are seen above setting off on a lugeing expedition

WINTER IN THE AMBER ISLAND

By GLADYS PETO

It is an amber island, Malta. Walls, houses and palaces, and the little streets that so easily turn themselves into flights of steps are all amber-coloured. The towering fortresses that surround the Grand Harbour beam amber in the sunlight. They rise out of a shining sea that is coloured like the wings of blue tropical butterflies. The waters are covered with great battleships, with fat little fruit boats, and with gay *dhaisas*, those convenient water-cabs. These are coloured emerald green and orange, and rowed by two standing boatmen with an oar apiece.

Malta is easy of access. It is less than three days' journey overland by way of Syracuse, or you can go all the way by sea.

The sun shines all the winter through, and it is not an expensive place to live in, and there are heaps of amusing things to do. But . . . I will not deceive you, it truly does rain sometimes, in floods and torrents . . . and so occasionally for one day, or perhaps for two together, you will hardly go outside at all. Also, the wind is rather fierce and active. However, generally the sky is blue, and roses and geraniums bloom all the winter long, waiting until the violets come out to join them.

The hotels are, most of them, quite comfortable. They are not, of course, of the jazz band and palm court order. But, then, they do not charge palm court prices. You naturally get to know more of the country, though, if you take a house—a little, square, flat-roofed house having a walled garden with lemon trees and a fountain. It will be called Etna Cottage, I expect, or Etna Villa, or Etna View—for that is the purpose of the roof, that you may climb on to it and look for Etna through your field-glasses, and perhaps upon some happy day you will see it.

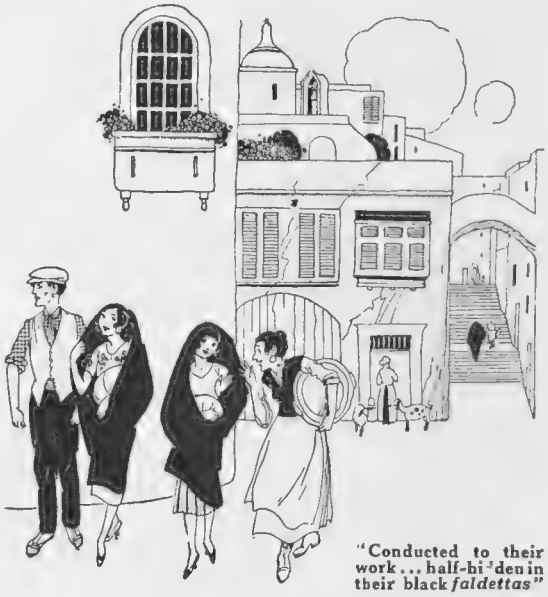
Stella and Giovanna, all ear-rings and flashing brown eyes, will take care of your house for you. They will be conducted to their work in the morning, half-hidden in their black *faldettas*, by at least two chaperoning relations. At night the relations fetch them home.

Those pleasant days are gone when the household, with rent and everything, cost about £20 a month. It now costs at least twice that sum.

The days of Malta fever are also gone. That is, if you do not drink goats' milk, for that carries the germ; but having seen the goats reclining in the mud of the street and feasting on the Malta *Daily Chronicle*, I don't suppose you will want to do so, but will be quite happy with a tin of "condensed."

A service connection, however remote, is a great help in Malta. (I heard of one young woman who fell into the harbour and, being rescued by a naval officer, immediately achieved this; but such a method might not appeal to everybody.) The admirable Union Club and its numerous offspring are run by service people for service people, and you need an introduction. The sojourners in the island are both gay and hospitable. There are parties, both formal and informal, all day and every day; races and every kind of game. Most visitors after a few weeks' stay find themselves in a whirl of gaiety. The season starts in December.

The Opera House at Valetta is world-famed. It has a most decorative audience. Officers appear in mess dress or



"Conducted to their work . . . half-hidden in their black *faldettas*"

"Bargains in antique furniture"

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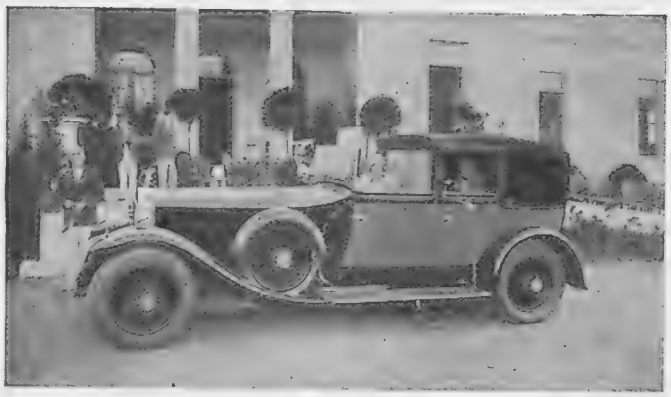

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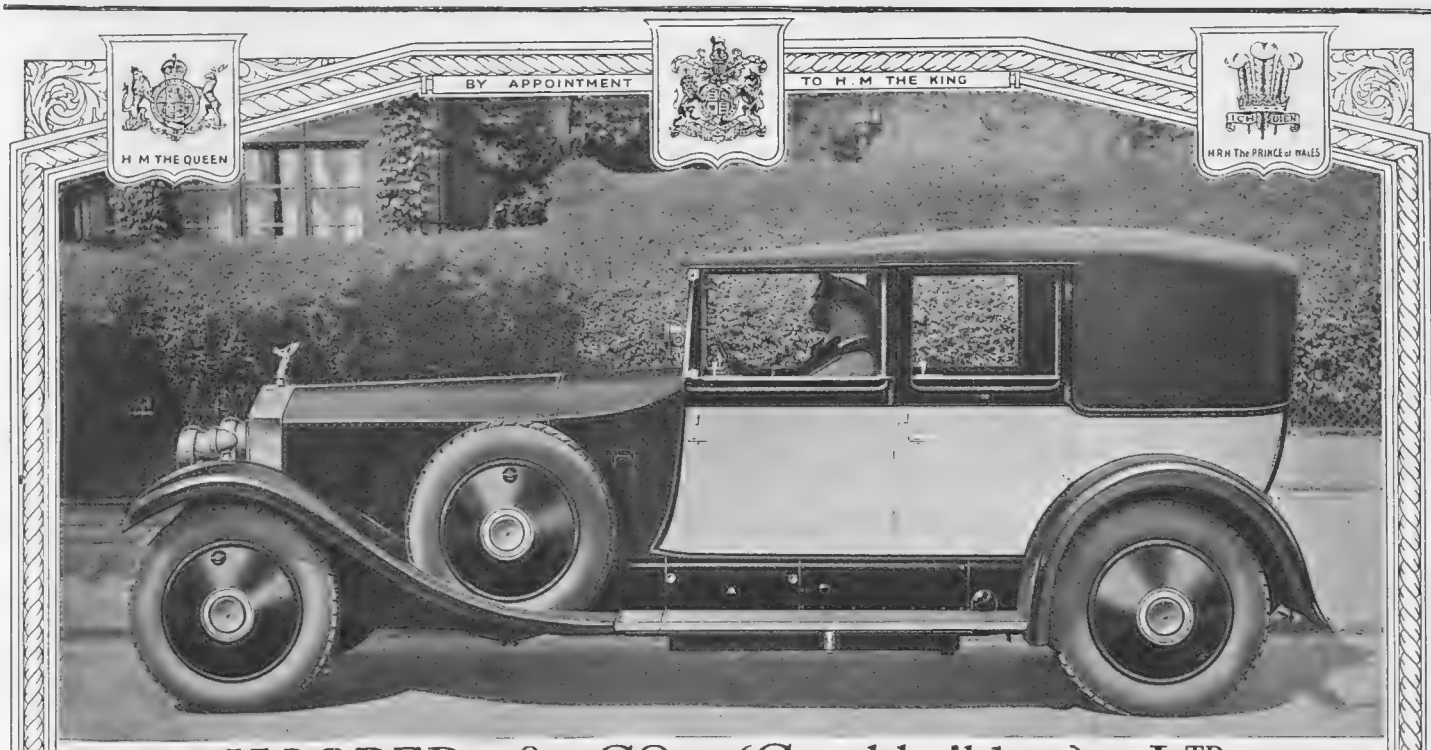

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in the blue and gold of the Navy. It engages excellent Italian artists, yet a stall costs only three and sixpence. The first half of the programme is used for marking down the friends whom you wish to meet in the foyer during the interval and observing those whom you wish to avoid.

If you possess a more serious turn of mind it is a good plan to live at Notabile, the old walled city about six miles inland, instead of in Valetta, the seaport. There is a pleasant hotel in Notabile which is full of character, and from which you get magnificent views all over the island. You can make a study of prehistoric wheel-tracks, of Phœnician tombs, of the adventures of St. Paul, of the celebrated knights of St. John, or of Napoleon in Malta and the revolt against him, just whichever period appeals to you; or you can seek for bargains in antique furniture—wonderful treasures can be found here still.

Notabile is rather cut off from the gay metropolis unless you possess a car.

You may climb on the roof, and look for Etna through your field-glasses

"Not amusing for English lady, but always going to dancing ball in Valetta in motor car," said my cook; and that, indeed, is true. In the daytime you go by train, a dear little antique train that once trundled about the Isle of Wight. The stations are delightful gardens, all orange trees and goldfish ponds. But this little train does not carry benighted revellers. Its last journey is made at six o'clock in the evening, for the track has many level crossings, and the guardians of these danger points will not remain at their posts after dark. For Malta is perambulated at night by most ferocious devils, so no Maltese goes out after sundown.

For myself, I found the country districts very dangerous, even in the brightest midday. From every hand springs a small child or an oldest inhabitant; all endeavour to sell you oranges, flowers, or pigeons, or simply and crudely demanding "one pen." This, I must explain, means "one penny," for British coinage is current in Malta.

G. E. P.

The Dog Plague

HOW TO ESCAPE

By "THE KENNELMAN"

The first big event of the New Year for Terrier enthusiasts comes a fortnight from to-day: the National Terrier Club's Championship Show at the Crystal Palace, on Wednesday, the 18th. They're mostly great talkers, the Terriers, albeit such keen workers; and the pick of them in all breeds will be having their say at the Palace on Wednesday week: a confab. worth hearing, and watching.

Readers have been reminding the Kennelman by post that "This Distemper business is really serious." It always has been; especially in midwinter, when pulmonary and gastric complications are more deadly than in summer. Also, whether from absence of antiseptic sunshine, or because more cases are about, the risks of infection are at their worst this time of year. The number of losses among pedigree Dogs has been painfully big in the past month, but there's no good in getting panicky about it, and not much profit in skirmishing round after patent nostrums.

The plain fact is that no specific preventive at present exists, and no certain remedy, either. (There are several distinct forms of Distemper, and no one drug could cure the lot.) Only completion of the patient scientific research now being carried on at the Medical Research Council's Farm Laboratories at Mill Hill can give us this; and it really is up to every friend of Dogs to send along at once a contribution to the Distemper Research Fund (*Field* Office, Bream's Buildings, E.C.4) to prevent delay from mere lack of money. That's the first step for everyone concerned regarding the worst scourge of the canine world.

For the rest, and until completion of the Research brings the sure safeguards that leading authorities believe it will yield, the Kennelman's tip to anxious Dog owners is: Abjure fuss and panic, which are as bad for your Dogs as for yourselves, but take all sane precautions. First and best: Get your Dogs into the pink of health and condition by the natural means of correct feeding, exercise, grooming and housing, and ten to one you'll be able to keep 'em there. In most cases a Dog in that state will (*a*) resist the Distemper germ altogether, or (*b*) take the disease in so light a form that nobody will ever know he has it at all. (The worst of it is such lucky wights can infect others; especially the less healthy.) The next most important precaution is to avoid infection by preventing contact between your own and stranger Dogs, and between yourself and strange Dogs or kennels; for you can carry the germ, on your boots and clothes, for instance, just as Dogs can, even when healthy. (Research is now being directed to providing safeguards against this.)

Then, if the worst comes, despite precaution, remember the most important steps towards cure and recovery are (1) early diagnosis, and (2) correct *nursing* and treatment, rather than medicine. To secure the first, get canine veterinary examination and advice, *immediately* your suspicions are aroused; as by a temperature, a furred tongue, a rheumy nostril, or sick-looking languor in a generally alert Dog. Don't wait till to-morrow. If you can't give full-time patience and effort to the nursing, pay someone who can, or take the patient to a professionally recommended Dog-hospital; but home's best, *if* you can give the right nursing. Take your canine Vet.'s advice on the point, and be prompt in getting it. Segregation in an even temperature not falling below 60°, with fully adequate ventilation, and a good bed, with frequent but very light doses of nourishment, are obvious essentials. The rest must depend on the individual case; but, given early enough recognition of the trouble, and consistent nursing thereafter, the writer has found that good recovery can be looked for more often than not, and is pretty nearly a certainty for patients who, normally, have been kept in really first-rate doggy health. So cheer up, ye fearful ones; but—Don't forget the Fund!

Enquirers please note the address for Dog registration is the Kennel Club, 84, Piccadilly. Every pedigree Dog should be registered. The cost is now only half a crown; but it's a "good deed" to send the old fee of 3s. 6d. and ask for dispatch of 1s. to the Distemper Research Fund, which needs the help. *The Animals' Advocate* is the organ of the P.D.S.A., headquarters of free veterinary treatment, 14, Clifford Street, W.1.

An open letter to the Chancellor of the Exchequer

The Rt. Hon.
The Chancellor of the Exchequer.

KINNAIRD HOUSE,
PALL MALL EAST.
JANUARY, 1928.

Dear Chancellor,

The Prime Minister is going to be sadly in need of Farmers' Votes at the next Election.

Do you realise that your 600% war tax on whisky (= 8/5½ per bottle) is preventing us (and other distillers) from buying from the Farmers the Barley that we would need if the price of whisky came down to the figure that fits the pockets of thousands who want to buy

Haig
WHISKY

but cannot afford the price.

Hadn't you better think of this now for fear your chief might have to ask for your head on a charger?

Yours faithfully,
HAIG LTD.
(Distillers for 300 years).

N.B. To the General Public.
Never in the 300 years' life of the Haig Distilling House was finer whisky put into the Haig bottle than now.

The Empire Whisky

MOTOR NOTES

THE ONLY WAY

One of the new Armstrong-Siddeley "Fourteens" photographed amid the snow in a Warwickshire lane. Its owner is seen finding the way under difficulties

It is not so long ago since we were so badly off for roads in this country that we were thankful enough to have a road seen to in any finish the surveyor might care to give us. The roads of that day were of ordinary water-bound macadam, or, if we were very wealthy, of tarmacadam, which, with a sprinkling of chips or coarse sand, gave an excellent grip in almost any weather. But the enormous increase in the weight of traffic has demanded a new type of road altogether in and around the more populous areas—a grand affair in reinforced concrete of 8 to 12 inches thickness. This is covered with a 'carpet," usually of some form of asphalt which gives a dead smooth surface, and on the slightest fall of rain its co-efficient of grip is about equivalent to that of carefully oiled glass.

As, from the user's point of view, this class of surface possesses no exclusive advantage, but, on the contrary, wears into "waves," breaks into potholes, and is extremely dangerous in wet weather, why, he asks, should they not leave the concrete surface to be used as it is, without this carpet? Especially as the latter adds something like 30 per cent. to the cost of the road. Undressed concrete has proved very successful. There are noteworthy examples of it even in this country, while in America there are 40,000 miles of plain concrete road, which give a minimum of trouble. Why, then, do so many of our local authorities spoil it by these fancy carpets?

***

The reason usually given is that in the present stage of road science concrete is far to uncertain a material for any general standards that might be set. There are too many possible pitfalls in the selection of materials and their use. Protected from weather and wear, it is excellent, but in an undressed state anything may happen, and it is cheaper to replace 2 inches of carpeting than a whole 8 inches or 12 inches of foundation, as would have to be done if flaws developed in the surface. In reply to criticism on this point, the Ministry of Transport usually explains that "the stage has not yet been reached when any one type of surface can be universally recommended, owing to the wide variation in local conditions, resources, and traffic."

***

An ordinary Standard "Park Lane" saloon recently completed a remarkable 4,000-mile tour through France, Portugal, and Spain, crossing over to Tangiers. The owner was the well-known wireless expert, Captain Plugge, and his journey was undertaken for the purpose of experimenting on the possibilities of wireless reception and transmission between two moving cars. His second car left London five days later, driven by the laboratory assistant, Mr. H. Connell. Results of a far-reaching nature were achieved during the course of these experiments, and from the motoring point of view his achievements were also considerable.

***

Capt. Plugge found the roads in Portugal well-nigh impracticable, and in describing his cross-country journey from Elvas to Lisbon, he referred to them as "tracks, 200 or 300 miles long, similar to a choppy sea of solid earth." His British-made Standard car stood up wonderfully, despite the great strains to which it was put, and in recognition of his having succeeded in reaching Lisbon by road in record time he was elected an honorary member of the Portuguese Automobile Club. Captain Plugge has driven his car through no fewer than thirteen European countries.

E. M. Wright.

"YOUNG IN LIMBS, IN (THEATRICAL) JUDGMENT OLD" By MacMichael

Our artist's impression of some of the leading characters in "The Merchant of Venice," as played by the boys of Forest School, Epping—to say nothing of the "grave and reverend seigneurs" who assisted and organised the production, which was of a remarkably high standard of excellence. "The Merchant" proved a great success in the hands of the clever young company who played it

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100 TIN
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"Gold Flake" Cigarettes in handsome "hundred" and "fifty" tins are especially suitable for New Year Festivities and parties.

Femina

PLUMBERS AND PIPES

By MRS. M VINCE

Let us continue to be seasonable. The darker side of Christmas and the New Year is usually represented by the jokes about doctors and bills. But if Christmas and the New Year are at all "old-fashioned," as we all profess that we should like them to be (even those who hurry off to the Riviera), then plumbers and pipes are the darkest side of the season.

Can anyone say how and why the jokes about plumbers began? I have known many plumbers, all estimable men and good workmen. There was nothing funny about them or their work. Why should the plumber be treated always as an irresistibly comic figure? Professionally he should be classed rather with the doctor. His work has the same gravity. It often has the same urgency—and the same disadvantages. (I have interrupted the writing of this to call out a plumber at nine o'clock on a very cold night, and a Saturday night too, to go to a house with a frozen tank.) Above all it has the same mystery. Plumbers and doctors must often be amused both at our ignorance and our gratitude, when we have sent for them to attend to some very small ailment. Plumbers, like doctors, need to be specially honourable men, or they will be tempted to take advantage of that ignorance and gratitude.

We ought to take a greater interest in the pipes in our houses. As it is, we forget that there are such things until a frost comes, or a worn-out tank begins to leak, or a mis-used pipe gets stopped up. Even in households where the electric light is understood, and a new fuse can be put in without calling in an electrician, the much older system of water-pipes remains a mystery; taps are left to drip for want of new washers, and rooms are flooded if a pipe bursts, because no one thinks of turning the water off at the main. We need not all turn plumbers, but all good householders should know something about the house's water-pipes, just as all sensible people, without being amateur doctors (which often means being a hypochondriac), know the rules of good health.

The first thing connected with the water supply, which anyone going into a new house should do, is to find out which tap draws water direct from the main, and to see that water for drinking is taken only from that tap. It is surprising how many households will drink water that has been lying in a tank. The second thing is to find out where is the stop-cock for turning off the water from the main, and to see that everybody in the house knows where it is, and, in an emergency, can turn it off.

The next thing is to see that the tank which supplies bath and basins, sinks and boilers, is properly protected against frost if it is in the open. It ought to be cased in wood, and the space between the tank and the casing packed with sawdust. The exposed parts of the pipes leading to and from the tank should be wrapped round with felt, and this felt should be examined at the beginning of every winter in case it has perished and needs renewing. Cold water tanks only need to be emptied and cleaned out occasionally, but besides the cold water tank there is the boiler. Some kinds require no emptying and cleaning. Others need to be cleaned once a year, or, if there is a hot-water system with a stove burning day and night, then twice a year. One should make certain, when taking a house, which kind of boiler one has.

Finally, everyone in the household should be warned of two things. The first is that as soon as the water from the tank is cut off, and the boiler ceases to be supplied, the kitchen fire should be raked out. The second is what to do if a pipe bursts as a result of frost, or if there is, from any other cause, a bad leak. Some people, I find, are not even quite certain which bursts a pipe, the frost or the thaw. What does it is, of course, the expansion of the water as it freezes, although no one will know that the pipe has burst until, with the melting of the ice, the water comes through. As soon as this happens the water should be turned off at the main, and every tap turned on so that as quickly as possible the water may be emptied out of the tank and the pipes. If that is done, the burst may do very little damage. But thaws sometimes come very suddenly and in the night. For that reason, if any pipe is frozen, the wise thing is to turn off the water at the main every evening and to leave open such taps as can safely be allowed to run.

These are the very simple rules of good health for water pipes. 1927 was a radiant year for plumbers, with the summer floods and the Christmas frosts. But if all householders observed these simple rules there would be very few of these sudden calls in time of thaw which disturb and enrich the plumber.

There is a hard frost as I am writing this. Probably many imprudent householders have already had their tanks put out of action, and are depending for their water on the tap which draws direct from the main. Perhaps by the time this comes to be read the weather will be warm and burst pipes will be repaired!

A RECENT MARRIAGE

Mrs. Claude Partridge, who was recently married to Mr. Claude Partridge at St. Margaret's, Westminster. She was formerly Miss Iris Franks

A REVUE STAR

Miss Marie Blanche, the famous actress, who is appearing with George Robey in "Bits and Pieces." This is the latest production at the Princes Theatre

Your 1928 Resolution "Fit and Forget"—

The Plugs are held securely by a clip as shown, the box forming a permanent spare plug carrier.

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Poor oil in your engine means heavy wear, undue carbonisation, and poor performance. Conversely, by the use of good lubricant, wear and carbonisation are reduced to the minimum, and smooth development of maximum power follow.

And having decided to use a good oil, why not use the *best?* Remember that over 230 Leading Motor Manufacturers recommend, and the world's experts use—

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WAKEFIELD Castrol Regd. MOTOR OIL

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Why It Falls Off or Turns Grey, and the Remedies,

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"Everybody should read this book." —*Scotsman.*

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A HOSPITAL NURSE *writes*:—
"I have lent your book to a number of my patients whose hair had been affected by illness. They all say they have greatly benefited by your advice. Some, indeed, report surprisingly successful results."

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"I was so impressed by your book that I am sending a specimen of my wife's hair for diagnosis."

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ROWLAND'S MACASSAR OIL

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No other preparation preserves; beautifies; and nourishes it so effectually. Prepared in a Golden Colour for Fair Hair. Sold in **3s. 6d., 7s., 10s. 6d., 21s.** sizes by Stores, Chemists, Hairdressers, and **A. ROWLAND & SON, LTD., London.**

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Call and see one, or write for list, post free.
WALLACE HEATON, LTD.,
"The Amateur Cine People,"
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And at 47, Berkeley St., W.1 (Next to Thos. Cook's)

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QUEEN'S HOTEL

Facing South and directly overlooking the sea.
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BATHROOM-BEDROOMS and SUITES.
Fully licensed — excellent cooking — week-end dancing.
Moderate Charges. Inclusive or a la carte.
WEEKLY INCLUSIVE TERMS, from 5 GNS.

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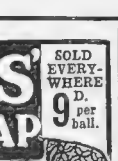

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FOR THE DAY'S WORK and the EVENING'S PLAY,
set your hair right once and for all with
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Some people have used it 40 years!

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When replying to advertisements please mention THE BYSTANDER *to ensure prompt attention*

Fashion's Fancies

By CYNTHIA

The Importance of Fur Coats

THE recent cold "snap" has certainly brought home to us the importance of fur coats, both from the point of view of comfort and smartness. So it is delightful news for those with a dress sense that during the January sale of Woolland Bros., Knightsbridge, S.W. (that commenced on January 2), it is possible to become the possessors of fashionable peltry at a very small expenditure. "The Janette," for instance, sketched below, an extra large fitting coat of beaver-coney, cut on slimming lines, and lined with matching *broché* silk, has been reduced from 39 to 19½ guineas; whilst "The Joyce," shown on the right, costs 25 instead of 35 guineas; the fashionable brown and white calf kid carries out this latter, collared and cuffed with skunk. And among the many opportunities at Woolland Bros., mention must be made of the very tempting prices at which fabrics are being offered, *crêpe* poplin, one of the season's favourites, being priced at 10*s.* 11*d.* a yard, and printed *crêpe de Chine* at 6*s.* 11*d.*

"The Janette," carried out in beaver-coney, presents a wonderful sale opportunity at Woolland Bros., Knightsbridge, S.W.

Householders, Please Take Note!—

OF Messrs. Walpoles' Winter Sale, which began on January 2, and will continue throughout the month—an unparalleled opportunity of replenishing linen stocks with goods of sterling value. Hemstitched Irish linen sheets, laundered and ready for use, range in price during the sale from 56*s.* 9*d.* to 100*s.* a pair, according to their size. Embroidered cotton bedspreads, attractively veined, cost 11*s.* 9*d.* for single, and 15*s.* for double beds. Extra superfine pure Irish linen face towels, with hemstitched damask borders, in either huckaback or diaper, are priced at 28*s.* 9*d.* for six. And superfine quality damask bordered face towels, with hemstitched ends, of pure Irish linen, are reduced to 25*s.* for six. And these, of course, are only representative of the many bargains to be found in dresses, overblouses, lingerie, dressing-gowns, handkerchiefs, etc., as well as articles pertaining to the household. Messrs. Walpole Bros. have three London addresses, viz., 89 to 90, New Bond Street, W.; 175 to 176 Sloane Street, S.W.; 108 to 110, Kensington High Street, W.8.

Wise women are replenishing their household linen at Messrs. Walpoles' winter sale. (89 to 90, New Bond Street, W., etc.)

"The Joyce," expressed in brown and white calf kid, is another marvellous bargain from Woolland Bros.

Sketches by Margot

A Date to Remember!

JANUARY 9! For that is when the sale of Messrs. Debenham and Freebody, Wigmore Street, W., commences, lasting for a fortnight only. Graceful, becoming tea *ensembles*, consisting of *broché* velvet frocks and georgette coats in all the fashionable colours, cost from 6 guineas; 49*s.* 6*d.* will purchase a dainty velvet tea frock, or 59*s.* 6*d.* the same model with sleeve. Washing *crêpe de Chine matinée* jackets commence at 39*s.* 6*d.*, and lace wool *matinées* at 13*s.* 6*d.*; and quilted wrappers, snug and dainty, are priced from 39*s.* 6*d.* In the Knitted Wear Department on the ground floor there are wonderful bargains, too; suits in knitted wool and wool-stockinette in every imaginable colouring and style, that, originally priced at 6½ to 7½ guineas, are now reduced to 84*s.* Cardigan coats in both fleecy and unbrushed wool at 19*s.* 6*d.*, reduced from 35*s.* 6*d.*; and models, carried out in the fashionable Angora, tinsel, stockinette, and Milanese, are to be purchased at 8 guineas and 12 guineas, actually half price! In fur-trimmed coats very special reductions are being made, a model from a famous Paris house, reduced from 35 to 16½ guineas, being indeed a tempting proposition. So is a Cumberland tweed coat, with a gabardine lining and a collar of Sabeline fur that, originally costing 8½ guineas, is now £5 18*s.* 6*d.*

Velveteen house coats and tea cloths of real Cluny lace are representative of the many opportunities that the sale of Messrs. Robinson and Cleaver, 156, Regent Street, W., offers

For Two Weeks Only

PETER ROBINSON'S sale will begin on Monday, January 9, and will last for two weeks only. It will afford a really marvellous opportunity of securing the bargains so dear to the heart of every woman. In accordance with their reputation as a leading Fashion House, Peter Robinson make a point of clearing everything of a "dated" nature, in order to make room for the coming season's stock, so the values they offer are really remarkable. Catalogues are not issued, as goods are marked down only a few days prior to the sale.

This Economy Business—

ISN'T such a difficult matter after all, when big London houses, such as Messrs. Robinson and Cleaver, 156, Regent Street, W., whose January sale began on January 2, offer at greatly reduced prices not only everything in the way of wearing apparel for the feminine contingent, but household linen and men's wear too. See, for instance, the delightful little house coats sketched above. The one on the left in chiffon velveteen, perfectly tailored, costs, in black, navy, or nigger, 17*s.* 6*d.* during the sale; and the one on the right, of the same material, but piped with *crêpe de Chine,* and completed with a *crêpe de Chine* posy, 28*s.* 9*d.*; black, navy, red, rose, and tan are the colourings in which it can be obtained. Shown also is a beautifully embroidered real Cluny lace tea cloth, with fine lace *motifs,* that is priced, measuring 36 by 36, at 13*s.*, and measuring 45 by 45, at 20*s.* And these, of course, are only examples of very many wonderful bargains.

A Frugal Mind

AND why not? The immortal "Mrs. Gilpin" combined one with pleasure, and so does Modern Woman, especially when she makes her purchases at The City Fur Store, 64, St. Paul's Churchyard (showrooms first floor), during their sale, which began on January 2, and continues throughout the month. Mink marmot coats at 21 guineas, golden nutria at 29 guineas, moleskin coats and cloaks from 18 guineas, skunk scarves, (2 yards long, at 5½ guineas; fox animal stoles in grey, blue, beige, and red from 5 guineas, are representative of the wonderful opportunities that this firm offers. No woman can look well-dressed nor feel well-dressed, apart from the all-important question of warmth and comfort, without furs these days, and to invest in peltry of fine quality at such remarkably low prices is without doubt one of the best investments on the market.

Everybody's Sale

THE stocktaking sale that Messrs. Gamage, Holborn, E.C., are holding, from January 2, for ten days only, concerns not one but every section of the community. The feminine contingent, for instance, will know how to appreciate the fact that perfectly cut, up-to-date fur-trimmed coats will be cleared under cost price; that velveteen frocks in the latest styles, carried out in a variety of colourings, will be cleared at a 40 per cent. reduction (at 18*s.* 11*d.* each, in fact); that dainty gloves in extra strong fabrics, with fleecy linings and embroidered turn-back cuffs, are being offered at 2*s.* a pair, or three pairs for 5*s.* 9*d.* And with household replenishments in view, they will rejoice in Economy Oil Heating Stoves from 11*s.* 9*d.*; complete polished aluminium bathroom sets at 8*s.* 6*d.*; in Darenta Clothes Washing Machines (the most marvellous of labour savers), at 63*s.*; and superior carpet sweepers at 10*s.* 9*d.* And "mere men"! Fleece dressing-gowns from 17*s.* 11*d.* will interest *them,* among, of course, many other wonderful bargains; also all-wool pull-overs from 6*s.* 11*d.*; whilst motorists will appreciate leather motor coats from 79*s.* 6*d.*, and a parking lamp set, neatly packed in a metal case, at 21*s.*, that will save their batteries. And these are only some of the innumerable opportunities clearly set out in Gamage's stocktaking sale newspaper, which will be sent free on request.

The Younger Generation

IT is good news for those who have to take the needs of small people into consideration that they, too, are participating in the generous reductions that Messrs. Gooch, 63, Brompton Road, S.W., are making during their sale (from January 2 to 31). On the left, below, for instance, there is sketched a small boy's suit in all-wool jersey, that costs, in various colours, 12*s.* 6*d.* (to fit children of from four to seven years); the jersey alone is priced at 7*s.* 11*d.* And 28*s.* 6*d.* is actually the sale price of "The Scarborough" (centre), which is made up from short lengths of good quality tweeds; this practical little suit is obtainable in sizes to fit boys from seven to fourteen, the price remaining unchanged with ages, whilst "sister" will go back to school happy in the possession of a smart jumper suit, carried out in good quality faced cloth, that, usually priced at 57*s.* 6*d.*, costs half price in the sale.

Outfits for the younger generation participate in the many generous reductions that Messrs. Gooch, 63, Brompton Road, S.W., are offering during the month of January

Sketches by A. Titford

CANNES

"The town of flowers and sports"

"The Most Beautiful Golf Links in Europe"

MUNICIPAL CASINO
POLO—100 TENNIS COURTS—REGATTAS
HORSE RACES—2,300,000 Frs. in prizes
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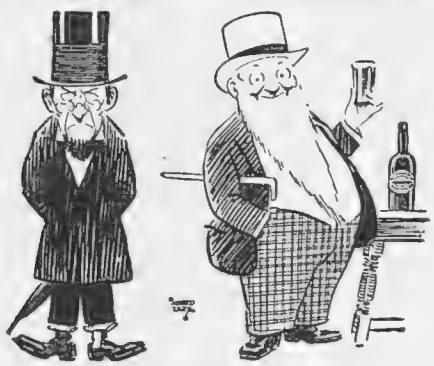
Magnificent GALAS in the sumptuous and world famed RESTAURANT des AMBASSADEURS in full swing from December till May

20 First-class Hotels.



"GOOD" BOYS

THERE is nothing like a glass of Wm. Younger's Scotch Ale to put you on good terms with yourself. Its stimulating, refreshing and warming qualities would convert the sourest pessimist into a cheery optimist.

William Younger's Scotch Ale

Brewed in Edinburgh

The beer with a bite in it.

Branches at London, Glasgow, Manchester, Leeds, Newcastle, Middlesbrough and Belfast.

We Guarantee Satisfaction

JANUARY

is the month in which you will have time to reflect upon your December purchases. If any article of Ciro Pearls or Jewellery selected by you during your Christmas shopping was not exactly what you or the recipient required, please do not fail to come and see us, or send us a note. We will not tolerate that a single client of ours shall be dissatisfied.

CIRO PEARLS LTD
Exclusive Creators of

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MANCHESTER 14 ST. ANNS SQUARE. LIVERPOOL 25 CHURCH STREET
BIRMINGHAM 121 NEW ST. GLASGOW 95 BUCHANAN ST. EDINBURGH (Jenners)
NEWCASTLE O/TYNE (Coxons). BRISTOL (J. F. Taylor Ld.). DUBLIN (Switzers)

The British Palate

The old jibe to the effect that the English know nothing of and care nothing for the subtleties of good cooking and dainty fare is fast losing its point. The fact is that nowadays we, as a nation, are fast becoming a nation of epicures who will be satisfied with naught but the best of dishes, and many of the world's most famous chefs are forsaking the kitchens of Paris, Rome, and Vienna for those of our own country. One of the latest arrivals is M. Isadore Breda, who has come over from France to enter the model kitchens of Messrs. Crosse and Blackwell, the well-known makers of table delicacies. M. Breda, who has delighted the cultured palates of half Europe during the last twenty years, is now hard at work inspiring the famous C. and B. soups with a soupçon of his Cosmopolitan genius.

A New Watch

The Hermeto watch, just placed on the market by de Trevars, Ltd., of 197a, Regent Street, is most smart and practical. It is entirely contained in a compact sliding outer case which protects the works and the glass against the many accidents to which a watch is naturally exposed. Cases are made in gold, silver, leather, shagreen, and enamel to suit the most discriminating taste. The manufacturers are Swiss experts of lifelong experience in the production of the highest class chronometers, who guarantee the Hermeto against the slightest variation, and, moreover, the Hermeto watch contains 160 elements of steel, nickel, and precious stones, each of which is adapted to precise theoretical calculation, every minute component being assembled to work in exact unison. The problems of the watchmaker are many, but the greatest is that of minimisation of friction. For this purpose the axle pivots are set with jewels specially shaped to retain the oil, a most important factor, which governs the accurate working of the whole mechanism. To be unchangeable under the influence of air and the varying temperature encountered by the watch the oil must be a perfect fluid, free from greasy acids. The hair spring and the pendulum, which constitute the "Soul of the Watch," make 432,000 vibrations in 24 hours, each of which must be invariable. Considering this, one realises the marvellous precision of a watch such as the Hermeto, which will keep perfect time for years.

A MEMORY OF THE WAR

A dummy tank built by the ex-Service men of the Portadown Branch of the British Legion. It is mounted on a 4-cylinder Wolseley chassis

Winter Sports Travel

The Est Railway of France announces the following direct services between Paris-Est and the chief Swiss winter sports centres. Until February 28 the de luxe train leaves Paris daily at 7.55 p.m., arriving at St. Moritz at 12.20 p.m. the following day. The return journey is made from St. Moritz at 6.45 p.m., arriving at Paris at 10.35 a.m. The permanent night service leaves Paris at 8.30 p.m., arriving at St. Moritz at 3.20 p.m., and on the return journey the traveller leaves St. Moritz at 3 p.m., arriving in Paris at 9.25 a.m. Until February 28 1st and 2nd class passengers may leave St. Moritz at 4.25 p.m., arriving in Paris at 9.25 a.m. Convenient trains are run between Paris and the Bernese Oberland, it being possible to leave Paris either at 7.55 p.m. by the de luxe service or by the ordinary service at 8.30 p.m., arriving at Interlaken at 10.2 a.m.

An Invaluable Reference Book

Kelly's Handbook to the Titled, Landed and Official Classes, 1928 (Kelly's Directories, Ltd., 30s.), has made its appearance, this being the 54th edition of this well-known annual. It contains in one general alphabetical list the names of approximately 30,000 persons who come within its scope, and should find a place in every reference library.

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COATS AND SKIRTS in various styles in woollen stockinette, knitted wool, etc., in useful colours, no two alike, of which sketch is an example.

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24 HANDSOME FUR COATS in natural musquash, seal dyed musquash, sable dyed sand marmot, etc., of which sketch in winter moleskin and flying squirrel, lined crêpe de Chine, is an example.

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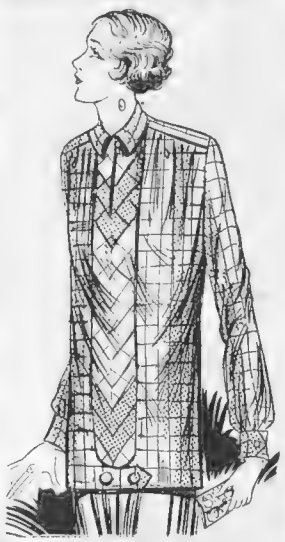
Sale Price **49 Gns.**



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BECOMING HAT of velvet, finished on crown with corded ribbon cockade. In black and a few good colours.

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The MENU

GAME AND POULTRY

Ptarmigan en Casserole

Cut up a brace of ptarmigan into small pieces and put them into 1½ oz. of butter in a casserole. Turn the birds well in this, then stir in about 1 oz. of flour, fry a pale brown, add rather more than half a pint of stock, a sprig of thyme and parsley, a very small onion, a teaspoonful of red-currant jelly, the same of Worcestershire sauce, and a little Parisian essence (for colouring). Cover the casserole and let the contents cook in the oven for rather more than half an hour. Add a little wine to the gravy before serving. Thicken the gravy with a brown roux, should it not be sufficiently thick, as the success of the dish depends a great deal upon the gravy.

Partridge Pudding

Two good-sized partridges will make a pudding. Lay a thin piece of rump steak over the paste at the bottom of the basin, then the partridges, neatly cut up, season with pepper, salt, and a little mace; pour over some good gravy, cover with paste, and boil for two and a half hours. Mushrooms can be added, and are a great improvement.

Salmis of Game

Roast the game—wild duck, pheasant, or woodcock; just before the roasting is finished put a quarter of a pint of rich brown sauce, one glass of claret, the juice of a lemon, and seasoning into a saucepan. Cut up the birds neatly, keeping them very hot, put them in a hot silver *entrée* dish, pour the boiling sauce over them, and serve.

Chicken Panada

Take about 3 oz. of the white meat of a chicken which has been parboiled, pass it through a mincing machine, and then pound it well in a basin; put it into a jar with a pinch of salt, add half a pint of milk, a little grated nutmeg, and a small piece of lemon-peel. Set the jar in a saucepan of water, stir and boil for a few minutes. It should be tolerably thick, and pearl barley or rice may be boiled to a pulp, passed through a sieve, and added to it, which makes it more nourishing. The yolk of an egg can be added to any panada.

Curried Turkey

Mince one onion and one apple, and fry them in 1 oz. of margarine without browning. Add one large dessertspoonful of curry powder, and fry for a few minutes. Stir well, and add a gill of milk, a little chutney, and a little powdered coconut. Let the sauce cook gently for thirty minutes. Add 1 lb. of turkey, cut up into dice, and simmer for another thirty minutes. Squeeze the juice of a lemon into the curry and serve with well-boiled rice.

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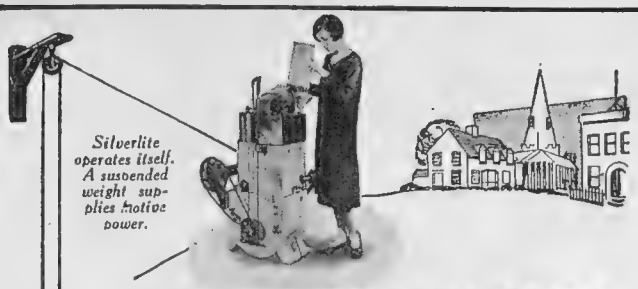

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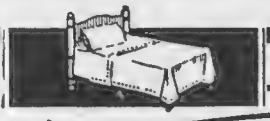

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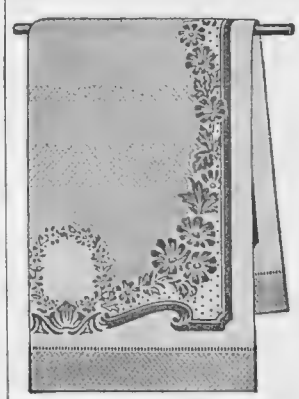

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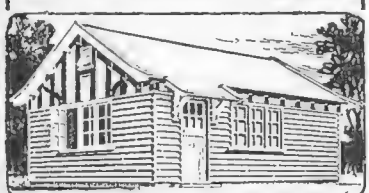

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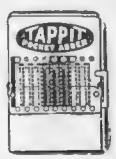

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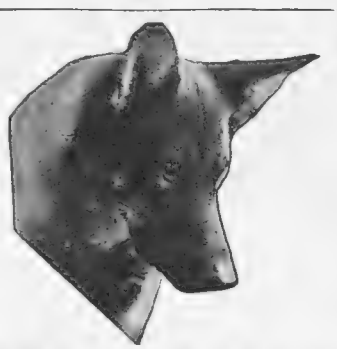

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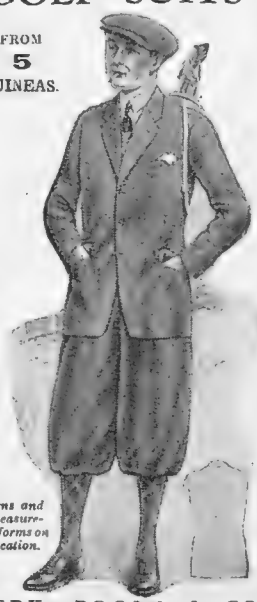

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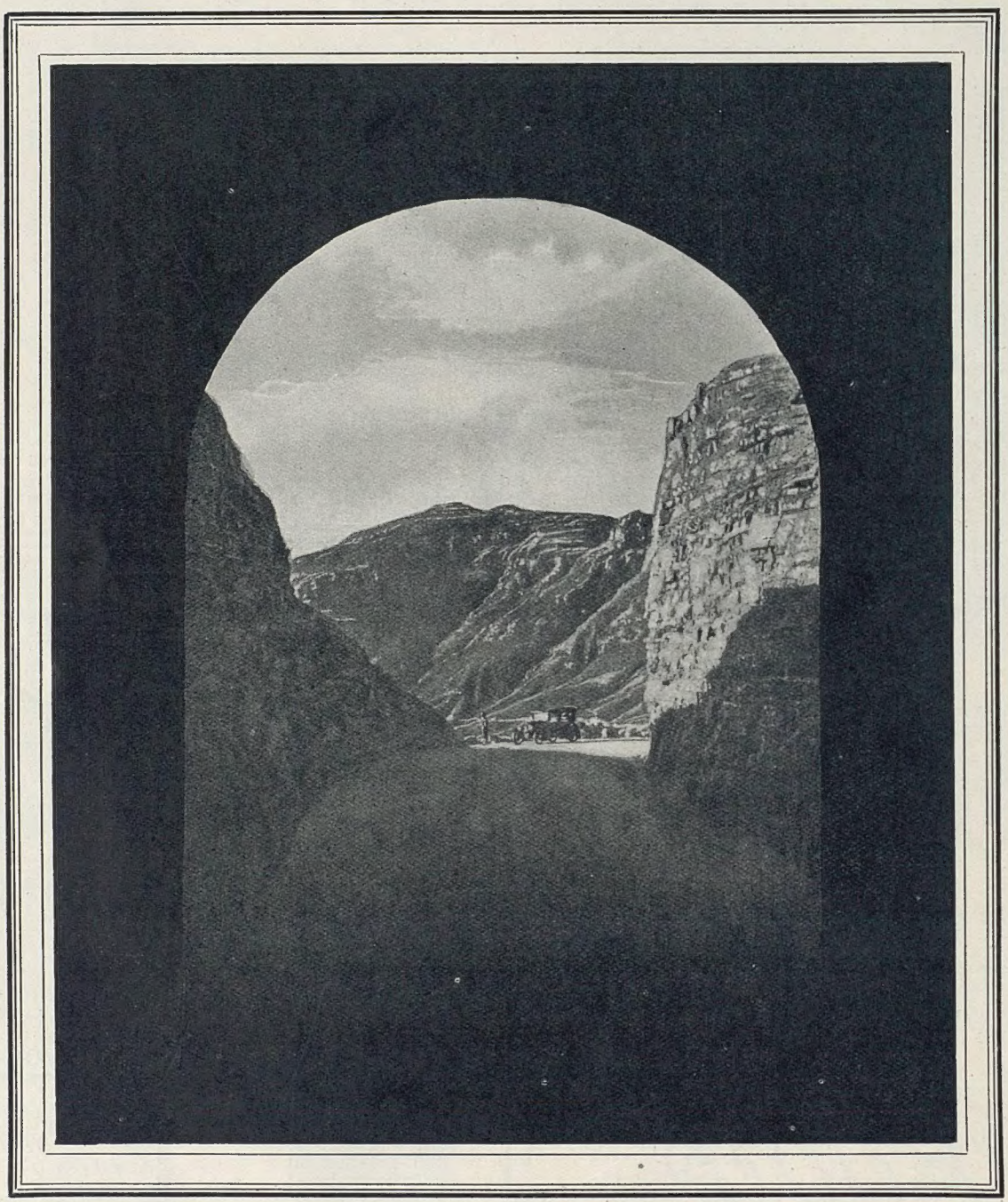

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